of Geg Laz would be intermarriageable. He said gravely that there was no knowing what the future would bring. People might learn bad ways from abroad. For his part he hoped that so long as the world lasted Hoti would never marry its own blood.

He was very certain that Geg Laz and his family were Catholics. The names in the pedigree indicate that they were Albanophone. Only one, Vuksan, is Slav.

3. *Kastrati.*—This consists of some five hundred houses on the mountains between the Hoti and Skreli tribe lands. The name is probably derived from the Roman fort (*castrum*) which guarded the road round the foot of the lake. "Kastr" as a place-name occurs elsewhere in Albania. The Kastrati were evidently a powerful tribe, for in 1403 we find Alexius Kastrati headman in a list of Albanian chiefs who are rewarded by the Venetians with gifts of cloth. Fine cloth was much coveted by the Albanians and appears often as payment of service.

Three hundred houses of Kastrati are of ancient Albanian origin. They trace descent from one Delti, or Dedli, who came with his seven sons from Drekalovitch, a part of the Kuchi tribe. The Drekalovitch trace descent from the Berisha (see below), which is the oldest of the tribes. When they arrived they found other inhabitants there who are said to have been Slavs, and from whom the other two hundred houses trace descent. All are now Albanophone, and the majority Catholic; the rest Moslem. The groups are intermarriageable.

4. *Skreli.*—A tribe of one bairak in the valley of the Proni Thaat, mainly Catholic, stated that it came from Bosnia some three hundred years ago. The name is said to derive from Shen Kerli—St. Carlo, possibly the patron saint of a church which has been destroyed, as they now have St. Nikola of Bari as patron.

5. *Klementi*, often called by the Albanians Kilmeni.—A large and widely spread tribe of four bairaks—Seltzi Vukli, Boga, and Nikshi. They are said to descend from the four sons of Kilmeni or Klimenti, who fled with them vaguely "from the north," about thirteen generations ago. Baron Nopcsa states that they moved from the neighbourhood of Gusinje at the beginning of the seventeenth century and settled at Vukli. They are recognized as an old tribe by the Albanians. The four bairaks are intermarriageable, it having been decided they were sufficiently far removed by now. But in view of the strong feeling against "marrying one's own blood," in other tribes probably, in spite of the tale, there may be other blood in some of them. It has been said that they were different stems, and were gathered into one tribe by Klimenti, a mission priest. Be this as it may, they are some of the finest and most intelligent of the tribesmen.

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Seltzi—three hundred houses, all Catholic—is at the head of the Tsem valley, a lovely spot. It is divided into Djenovich Seltzi, which forms the majority and traces descent from the reputed ancestor Kilmeni, and the Rabijenovich Seltzi, which is of another stock, and some say is related to a tribe near Rijeka in Montenegro (? Tzrmnitza).

Vukli lies at the other source of the Tsem and consisted of ninety-four families, all Catholic.

Boga is at the head of the Proni Thaat, above Skreli. Seventy-five families, all Catholic. Boga intermarries much with Thethi. Nikshi, one hundred and fifty-four houses, almost all Moslem, lies between Boga and Vukli. All these people winter on the plains near Scutari to feed their flocks. They, too, have suffered much from the new frontier, which was purposely drawn by the Montenegrins so as to cut the road and make their journeys to the plain and town very difficult. Montenegro and the Serbs hoped thus to force Klimenti to fall into their hands, and the authorities sent by the Powers to delimit frontiers were too ignorant of the manner of life of the people to see into the matter. So-called "strategical" frontiers, drawn heedless of economic needs, are more likely to promote war than to prevent it.

6. *Lohe*, or Lohja, a small tribe of one bairak, consisting of eighty Moslem and forty Catholic houses. Of mixed descent from Shlaku and Pulati. Probably families flowed down into this more fertile district not far from the lake when Serb rule broke up, for "Loho" and its mills are mentioned in 1348 by Stefan Dushan among the districts which are given to the Church.

7. *Rechi*, a small Moslem tribe, gives same tale of origin as Lohja; and has also a few houses of "Anas."

8. *Rioli*, on the river, obviously takes its name from *rivulus*, another memento of Roman days. It is all Catholic. The cloth-fulling mills still clack on the river, and perhaps stand in the same place as some of those given away by Dushan. Like Rechi-Lohja, it is of mixed descent. These eight tribes form the Maltsia e Madhe group.

There are also on the shores of the lake two small Moslem tribes, Kopliku and Grizha. Kopliku as "Kopelnik" is also one of the places mentioned in Tsar Dushan's list. Between Kopliku and Scutari is the only Serb village of the whole district, Vraka, which derives its name from the Saints Vrachi: The Healers, SS. Cosmo and Damian, to whom the church was dedicated. Vraka had a thousand inhabitants, who all trace descent from various Bosnians, Herzegovinese, and Montenegrins, who in recent times fled from blood-vengeance and sheltered in Turkish territory. Far from being grateful for shelter they are a perpetual source of trouble. They are used by the Serbs as a "jumping-off ground" for complaints, and though they have their own Church

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they believe in two powers, of Light and Darkness, which are in conflict—Good and Evil. These tattoos are in some way connected with it. So is the Serpent, which they sometimes tattoo and also draw on walls."

I never saw a tattooed snake, but saw some carved on tombs. Mgr. Cozzy, whose work as priest and doctor was beyond all praise, died in 1926—a loss not only to the tribesmen but to science, for his pile of MS. notes on tribal customs was destroyed in the war years, and his probably unrivalled knowledge died with him.

This belief in the powers of Light and Darkness takes us back to Mithraism and Manichæism. That all the tribes believe in this struggle I first learnt in Nikaj, when the thunder crashed on the mountains and my Nikaj guide cried: "Drangoni is fighting Kulshedra." Kulshedra is the evil female power who strives to destroy mankind with storms and floods. Drangoni is the good male power which hurls thunder and lightning and drives her back. As we have seen, the female, according to Mani, possessed but few particles of light and was an instrument of destruction.

The Manichæan belief is shown by Titus Bostrensis Episcopus, who, in *Adversos Manichæos*, tells of a Manichee "asserting strongly and wickedly alleging that the fruits of the earth are created by the sun, which he admires and honours exceedingly. He says that the overwhelming rainstorms are the defence of matter" (i.e. the wicked substance) "and work passionately against the powers of Good" (*v.* Migne, *Series Græca*, vol. xviii, p. 1195). The rain is the sweat of the evil power striving to destroy the good.

The belief in Kulshedra and Drangoni is found all through Northern and Central Albania. I do not know its southern limit. Drangoni can be a man or a male animal. If a boy is born with a feather under his armpit he will be a Drangoni; but his mother must tell no one or he will die at once. This accounts for the extremely small number of Drangonis who survive. I was told that St. George was a Drangoni, which may be the reason of his great popularity in the Balkans.

The Serb tradition that when it thunders and lightens St. Ilija is driving off the storm fiends is possibly another form of the same tale —Drangoni here taking the form of St. Ilija.

Thus deep in the mind of the peasant there lurks still a remnant of the Mithraic and Manichæan beliefs.

A point of interest about the tattoo patterns is that part of the Gruda tribe, the bulk of the Hoti, and all the Shkreli (*v.* Tribes) have a clear tradition of having migrated from places farther north to escape from the Turks. They insist that they were Catholic at the time of the ancestral migration, and may, therefore, descend from one of the northern districts of tattooed aborigines which early came under

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working harm to the world in general. It is interesting to find in Herrick's *Hesperides* a charm for stables:—

> Hang up hooks and shears to scare
> Hence the hag that rides the mare.

The scissors, too, are among the amulets worn on a silver chain by the women around Nish in Serbia.

Tony was proof against the Evil Eye, for he wore a powerful amulet. A similar one is used in other Balkan lands and in Hungary. A snake is caught by pinning down its head with a forked stick. The head is then cut off with silver—the sharpened edge of a large coin will do. It is then dried and enclosed between two silver St. George's, and finally blessed by the priest. This protects against all spells. It is evidently a piece of sympathetic magic. Evil is to die as did the dragon—represented by the snake's head—slain by St. George.

Tony's wife was once bewitched and had sharp pains all over, but could not be sure who caused this. The same evil person attempted to bewitch Tony, but, protected by the snake's head, he only felt a few twinges. His wife, who suffered much, was cured by a dervish, who took some hair from the top of her head and from her armpits, tied it up, and burnt it while muttering some unknown charm. The pain went as the hair burnt and never came back. This and the case of the child both occurred at Djakova, at that time a wholly Albanian town.

Marko, too, was cured of similar pains. A Moslem gathered some herbs, but kept their species a secret. He fumigated them over a brazier, muttering a charm. He then tied them up, and Marko had to stand upright with his arms fully extended on either side. The Moslem put the bunch of herbs on Marko's head, drew them down the side of the face, along the arm, back to the body, and down the side of the body to the foot. He then repeated the operation on the other side, and cried: "Pain, pain, fly away from this man to the top of the highest mountain, where there is neither man, woman, nor child, bird nor beast, and stay there!" He burnt the herbs. The pain flew away and apparently remained on the mountain-top, for it never returned.

When I was in the Scutari hospital, very ill with acute sciatica, poor old Marko sought in vain for the right herbs and was grieved at his failure.

Shtrigas were said to be very numerous all through North Albania. At Zumi, near Djakova, I was told that perhaps one-third of the women were blood-suckers; and in Nikaj was assured by the Franciscan in charge that most of the women were shtrigas, and he strove continually against the vile deeds, in which they were assisted by the Devil.

That the whole cult is the remains of ancient, long pre-Christian

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776 beliefs and rites one can hardly doubt. As is well known, the gods of the heathens became the devils of the Christians.

776 Marko was greatly afraid of Beelzebub and mentioned him with
777 a curse and a whisper. Belial and Beelzebub were supposed to be the most active. The tribesman followed the advice of his priest and put
[304] a cross on his house and tattooed himself with a cross, but he further protected himself with more ancient signs; he planted the skulls of horses, goats, and oxen on poles round his house and fields. Some houses had rows of skulls. I wondered whether, in old days, human ones had figured there, too.

The horse-skull was most valued not only in Albania, but also in Bosnia and in Montenegro. Where civilization has penetrated the horse-skull was often replaced by a twisted petroleum tin whitewashed. Short-sighted devils, seeing it from a distance, could easily have mistaken it for the real thing and fought shy.

[793] Priests are but human. I found one Catholic priest had a whole array of horse- and other skulls round his beehives. He laughed it off when I remarked on it, and added that bees were very liable to disease. He evidently wanted to be on the safe side.

754 I often found in the mountains a distinct fear of being drawn, or "written," as they always called it. At Vraka I asked if I might draw the interior of a house. The woman was doubtful. She at last said I was not to "write" her or her children, and, to make sure, she drove the children out of the house. In Luria I was told not to "write" anyone or any house. At Lohja was a wonderful old man, who was reputed to be 110, who boasted that he had sinned but twice in his life—and then it was not his fault. Men in plenty he had killed, but never dishonourably or for money. The company suggested that I should "write" him. Much flattered, the old man sat still for a while, but when everyone shouted that the sketch was exactly like him, he became greatly alarmed, and earnestly begged me never to destroy what I had "written" about him, for at the moment it was torn he would drop down dead. I preserved the sketch, and five years later found him still going strong.

754 At Seltzi, in the Klimenti tribe, I was told the best way to detect
787 a shtriga is to keep the bones of the pig you ate on the last day of Carnival. All through the Balkans the pig, abhorred by Turk and Jew, is a sign of Christianity. On Easter Day you make a cross with the pig's bones and tie it on the church door when the church is full of people. If any shtrigas are in the church they cannot get out except carried on the shoulders of the man who made the cross. They run
754 wildly round and round and can be caught.

681 There was, so far as I could learn, no traditional punishment for a

754 was who used to do wonders. The bey thought it a good idea, and the man was fetched from his cell. He was very willing to perform, and asked only for a bowl of water. One was brought, and he made an [787] incantation over it. He then said that if any guest would name a place he wished to see, it could be seen in the water. Someone asked for Malta, and Malta was duly reflected; the harbour, the quay, and a steamer just getting up steam. When it had been admired, the magician asked the bey: "Have I your permission, noble Bey, to go off in that steamer?"

"Certainly," said the bey.

The magician lifted his foot and put it on the steamer in the water-bowl, and immediately went off in that steamer and was never heard of again. No one but myself could see anything improbable in this amazing tale; with Beelzebub all things are possible.

2. The Evil Eye

754 The Evil Eye was rampant. At Vukli an unhappy woman told me 761 it had killed all her eight children. A man there, to prove the power of his eye, had stared at a bunch of grapes, which had withered under his gaze and fallen to the ground before the awe-struck spectators. I did not meet this man.

754 Marko had a milch ewe he greatly valued. One day a mountain woman came to the door begging. He gave her bread, but she was not satisfied, and as she left she looked at the poor beast, which was perfectly well, and said: "What a fine ewe!" Soon afterwards it began to sicken. Marko sent for the vet., who said at once: "I can do nothing—someone has looked at this ewe. You must find her and make her remove the spell." She could not be found and the ewe died. Marko cut her up for mutton. I expressed horror. "The meat," said he, "is beautiful. There was nothing the matter with the ewe except a lot of yellow spots in its liver, made by that woman."

754 *Protection against Evil Eye.*—Many amulets are worn. Most horses 777 and many cattle wear blue beads (sham turquoise), tufts of badger-hair, which is said to be very efficacious, or triangular leather cases containing inscriptions. A universal protection, as in many other parts of the world, is a horn or horns. Though the horse-skull is now popular to guard fields and houses, the original skull was probably a horned one, e.g. the familiar ox-skull carved on the frieze of many a classical and pseudo-classical building. A pair of boar's tusks, mounted as a crescent and hung round the neck, is a favourite amulet for a handsome [776] saddle-horse. It prevents evil spirits riding the horse at night and

2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910)1928 EG1 Albania EG1

588 house of a relative of his to live there till the marriage was arranged and declared herself a Mohammedan. As she was not of age, her parents appealed to the archbishop, who intervened, and she was sent home. Then, to save her from Turkish influence, she was sent to friends at Podgoritza. Here she obstinately declared that she wished to be Moslem
777 till those in charge of her saw that she wore a Turkish amulet round her neck. They cut the string and threw the thing in the fire. Scarcely had it burnt up when she at once became Christian again. So ended her poor little romance, and I was told it was unlikely she would ever find a good husband owing to this fatal infatuation. Marko considered it, indeed, a mercy that the evil amulet had been discovered, and was horrified when I said I was sorry for her.

776 *Evil Spirits.*—In addition to witches and magicians in Albania there are many mischievous spirits. These are the "ore," a word which an Albanian often translates as "devil." The ore, however, are not the ordinary devils known to Christianity; they are relics of some pre-Christian beliefs, and are usually seen at night as fiery sparks, and delight to prevent a traveller from proceeding by circling round him and confusing him completely. Once, when starting from Scutari to Djakova, Tony Precha was thus stopped on the way. There is but one thing to be done, and that is to wait till the first cock crows, when they vanish at once.

Another delight of theirs is to ride horses at night and knot their manes. These knots should on no account be untied. The ore also guard hidden treasure, and by confusing the seeker prevent him from finding it.

The ore were generally believed to be females.

776 Much magic surrounds hidden treasure. Throughout the Balkans
777 there is a belief in masses of treasure hidden in ancient days. The hider
789 consigned it to the care of the earth "amanet," which may deliver it up only if certain formulæ are observed. A person ignorant of these formulæ may dig on the right spot and find nothing but sticks and stones. An example given me in the mountains was that of a man who buried some money at the foot of a tree, at the same time bidding the earth not to give it up till two mice had drawn a carriage round the tree. Unfortunately a man passing by heard this. He returned home, caught two mice, tamed them, and with some trouble harnessed them to a tiny box. He then returned to the tree, drove the mouse-chariot round it, dug on the spot, and found the money. I suggested that he might have done so without troubling to catch and train the mice, but was assured it was impossible. The earth would not have yielded that which had been consigned to it. Much time and ingenuity is spent over the search for treasure. It has led to the destruction of

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much probably valuable material, for when many an ancient grave has been opened and nothing but pottery and bits of bronze or iron found, the treasure-seekers, enraged that the gold should have thus been turned to rubbish because they did not know the formula, have smashed it all into small fragments. 776 777 789

One way to find treasure is to spread a layer of wood-ash over the spot where it is believed to lie. Next morning, if it bears the footprint of any bird or beast—a fox, sheep, etc.—such a creature must be sacrificed upon the spot. A black animal or bird with no touch of white on it is particularly efficacious. 777 782

In many places I had to declare to the headmen that I had not come to search for treasure.

Those good days are past. Albania is now being searched for petroleum, and, unless the kindly earth refuses to give it up, the land will be devoured by foreign speculators.

I was once taken a weary tramp in Berisha to see and explain a marvel. On a great mass of rock was a slight hollow into which a man's hand would fit, and near it a depression that was supposed to be like a mule's hoof-print. Both were natural weatherings of the rock. But the native theory was that ages ago, when the rock was soft, a man had hidden a treasure and made the rock flow over it. He had then marked the spot with his hand and the hoof-mark of his beast. Unless the right formula could be obtained there was nothing for it but to quarry and blast the huge mass, and without the formula even this might not avail. I vainly said the marks meant nothing. My excited escort would not let me leave till I had "written" (i.e. drawn) the marks, and promised that if learned men in England could explain them I would return and show them how to find the treasure. 777 789

"Hoof-marks" are favourite things in the Balkans. One was shown me on the shores of Lake Presba and ascribed to Sharatz, the magic horse of Marko Kralyevitch; and in a cave on the slopes of the Lovchen in Montenegro I was shown, as a great marvel, a small roundish depression—a hoof-mark, also "made when the rock was soft." Krsto thought it possible that Marko Kralyevitch had once stabled Sharatz here, and several people asked my opinion about it. In the long weary hours, when watching goats on the mountains, men ponder over such trifles and build fancies upon them. Weary and weary are those endless hours. I never met anyone who did not speak with hate of the watching of beasts he had had to do when young. Often was I asked to build a factory where a man would be given enough bread for a day's labour and no longer have to watch goats on the mountain. The foreigner is now starting works; I doubt if they bring the expected happiness. [517] 777

In the hill-side on the left of the road from Djakova to Prizren I 772

ALBANIA YESTERDAY AND TODAY

000 cessible on account of snow during the winter months.

778 Much festivity pervades in this part of the country in the summer months, for tradition has it that on the summit of Tomori is the grave of Iman Abbas Ali to which many natives make pilgrimages every August from 346 the 19th to 28th. For this purpose, a monastery has been built 1,900 feet below the summit by the Bektashi Dervishes, where the pilgrims and visitors may lodge in comfort before the strenuous climb to the topmost 776 point; and it is another native belief that that top is the seat of the ancient sky-god, related to the Zeus of Dodona and Homer's Olympia, and only certain, privileged mortals may reach his abode, others being warned away by 773 nose bleedings and sickness. Also, there is said to be an inaccessible tree bearing golden apples growing on the summit. The peasants 778 often take oath by "Father Tomori," which mountain they regard with superstitious awe. Tourists to Albania often hear this mountain referred to as "The Olympia of Albania."

771 It is the district of Shpat at the base of 551 Mount Bokanik just to the east of this richly historical center that was in constant dispute

AN INTIMATE GLIMPSE INTO ALBANIA

It is also to be noted, with interest to the archaeologist, that there have been many traces found in the neighborhood of ancient Roman baths, but the secret of their architecture has been lost during the Turkish occupation, if not before. 172

Further into the north and central part of the country is to be found the old Monastery of St. John Vladimir, the most important Orthodox monastery in Albania. Here abounds the richest folklore and tradition of the natives of Central Albania. St. John Vladimir is quite unknown to the rest of the Orthodox world, but great faith is placed in him by thousands of the people in that part of the country. History has it that John Vladimir was a Serbian prince, murdered in 1016 on the Island of Presba in Macedonia, by his brother-in-law, John Vladislav, the last of the mediaeval Bulgar Tsars of Ochrida. His body, buried in the Church of Our Lady at his birth place, soon became the object of a pious religious cult; and due to the gentleness of his personality, the horrible method of his death, and the strange lights said to be seen on his grave, the followers of his day proclaimed him a saint, and his last resting place became renowned for its miraculous powers. 776 [776]

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 AlbaniaEG1

776 nowned for its miraculous powers. Fearing that the Serbs would steal the body and transfer it to Durazzo, the Greeks who occupied temporarily this section in 1215, exposed that town to so many attacks that this plan was soon abandoned, and in the next century this district fell into the hands of Charles Thopia of Kruja, a Catholic, but little distinction was made in the two branches of the religion at that time. It was the same valiant Thopia who removed the body of this saint to the monastery where it now lies. This church was rebuilt at the end of the nineteenth century, but as it became too small for its congregation, it was demolished and rebuilt in 1901.

346 This old monastery, built on mediaeval plans, stands in a shady olive grove, where the low, long line of monastic buildings with picturesque red-tiled roofs, are surrounded by a moat and a bridge, giving suggestion of the drawbridge and of high, lofty walls of an ancient fortress. The interior is an irregular square courtyard with the cells of the monks lining each side, and shaded by old galleries, underneath which were the storerooms and stables. The wood of these picturesque gal-

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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846 is spread, the national head-dress, ornamented with
[301] sequins, is placed on her head, and all her necklaces are hung round her neck, to receive the friends and acquaintances who now flock in to offer their congratulations. In some parts of Albania, and especially
[431] among the Moslems, it is customary to bring hand-
[688] some presents to the infant. As each visitor did her best to outshine her neighbour in the value of her gift, this usage, among the Roman Catholic Miridites, became so ruinously expensive, that the ban of the Church was finally laid upon it. The visitors to the mother and baby consequently now bring with them only an egg, with which they rub the face of the new arrival, with the wish, "*Pashi bar*" (May it be always white!)—*i.e.*, never have cause to blush for its actions.

852 When the baby is three days old the Fates are be-
[776] lieved to arrive and decide what its fortune is to be. When two of the Weird Sisters have had their say, the third speaks, and her decision is final.[1] On the evening of this day, which is called the child's *Poganik*,[2] all the relatives of the family assemble uninvited, each bringing a small loaf, a girdle cake, and a wooden flask of wine. On these they feast and drink healths to the mother and child, the formula addressed to the latter being, "May he have strong legs!"
[777] The women then set to work to make a large cake, all present touching, "for luck," the sieve used to sift the flour. As the dough is being kneaded coins are put into it, and when baked it is broken in pieces

[1] See "The Story of the Child," p. 319.
[2] The meaning of this term appears to have been lost by the Albanians.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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also made use of by the Albanian highlanders generally, when settling matters of importance. According to this writer, quoting from M. Ampère,[1] a similar custom also existed among the ancient Romans. Sylla, on leaving Rome to fight against Mithridates, required Cinna to swear, not by the national divinities, but on the Sacred Stone, and according to an ancient rite of the Etruscans, to make no innovations during his absence. Cinna, when pronouncing this oath, placed the stone on his shoulder, and then threw it backwards, while he pronounced, in a loud voice, the curses which should fall upon him were he false to his promise. The taking of this oath in Albania is attended with the same ceremonies. It is sworn by the elders of the *phars*, or clans, on the occasion of settling serious disputes, such as those concerning the boundaries of village lands, or other communal matters. The elders of the two tribes, Christian or Moslem, after taking the Oath of the Stone, assemble in council and settle the question at issue.

This oath, in another form, also enters into every-day speech. In course of conversation, when a Gheg wishes to emphasise what he is saying, he takes up in his hand, or points to, the nearest stone, saying, "By this weight" (*Per ket pésh*), and a Tosk makes use of the phrase, "By the heaviness of this stone" (*Per te rond te keti gúr*).[2]

The Supernals, with which the Albanian women terrify themselves and their children, appear to be, for the most part, like those of the Bulgarians,

[1] *Histoire des Romains à Rome.* [2] Wassa Effendi, *Op. cit.*

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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776 personifications of the powers of Nature. Of these imaginary beings, some belong exclusively to Albania, [171] while others may also be found among the superstitions of Slavs, Greeks, and Turks. The Vilas seem to approach most nearly to our own fairies; though, like the Nereids of the Greeks, they are of the full stature of mortals. Like our fairies, too, it is unlucky to mention them by name, and they are generally referred to as "Those outside," "The Happy Ones," the "Brides of May," or "The Brides of the Mountain." As a rule they are harmless, if not offended, and amuse themselves with elfish tricks, such as taking little children up to the roof of the house to play with and bringing them back safely. 776 They, however, take it very ill when mortals disturb 753 them in their haunts, and interrupt their banquets; and 761 so capricious are they, that they will place themselves invisibly in spots where they are likely to be disturbed, in order to have a little vent for their pent-up malice. The unlucky wight who sets an irreverent foot within their elfin rings receives a stroke from an invisible hand, and ere long sickens and dies. In consequence of this belief, it is said of one for whose death no adequate cause can be assigned, "He has received a blow."

776 The favourite haunts of the Vilas are retired and shady spots, but they also have a partiality for the gutters on the eaves of houses, which it is a rather risky matter to clean out, especially at night. The Vilas are said, in North Albania, to be of two kinds—well-disposed and beautiful beings, who ride about on fleet horses; and ill-disposed and hideous creatures,

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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whose heads are covered with writhing serpents instead of hair. To meet the former is considered a good augury, but the appearance of the latter presages certain misfortune. 776

Another and similar class of supernal beings, known by the Turkish name of Djins, attach themselves to dwellings, in which they perform the rôle generally attributed to good fairies, putting the house in order and plaiting the manes and tails of the horses in the stable. Sometimes, too, like the Nereids and Lamias of the Greeks and the Samodivas of the Bulgarians, they form matrimonial alliances with mortals. M. Hecquard[1] mentions a story of a man, living at Scutari, who declared himself to be married to one of these female Djins, who was able to fulfil every desire he expressed. However ancient or rare the coin he might show her, she always trebled it. This Djin was, according to her master's report, exceedingly jealous of mortal women, and would allow no servant in the house. Indeed, she had no need of one, for everything she or her husband required was ready to hand in a moment.

The Mauthia appears to be peculiar to Elbassan, and is described as a beautiful woman dressed in gold-gleaming garments, and wearing on her head a fez covered with jewels. The man who can succeed in getting this fez from her, whether by force or fraud, will be happy for the rest of his life. In Albanian fairy-lore the Peri, whose name is of Turkish origin, is of the masculine sex, and resembles a beautiful boy of twelve with a glistening white skin, clothed in

[1] *La Haute Albanie*, p. 343.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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776 dainty raiment, and exhaling a fragrant odour. They live in the mountains, but after nightfall frequently approach the abodes of men in order to allure mortal youths to join their dances. If a boy so favoured keeps his own counsel, he may join in these fairy revels with impunity, but should he venture to inform others of his relations with these nocturnal visitors, they revenge themselves by killing him.

The Ore is a being who constantly wanders about in order to hear and carry into effect the blessings and curses pronounced by men on each other. In 735 789 North Albania the usual formula with which a beggar concludes his thanks and blessings for alms received is, "May the Ore hear and bring it to pass."

Among the malevolent supernals are three kinds of man-devouring female monsters. The Koutchédra (κουτζέδρα), the Dogsuckler (σύκγεννεζα), and the Liouvía (λιουβία). The first figures frequently in folk-tale, and besides her cannibalistic propensities, is credited with the power of drying up the springs and fountains at which she drinks. The Dogsuckler is endowed with four eyes, two in the front of her head, and two in the back. The Liouvía is extremely partial to the flesh of little children.

776 753 Diseases are generally personalised as female monsters, whose touch is death. One of these is called in Elbassan the Phliame (φλιάμε), whose touch causes "the falling sickness." She is, however, never alluded to by name, it being said of her victim that "The Thing has attacked him." The plague and fatal epidemics generally are represented as more or less similar, but blind beings, called Koukoúdh (κουκούδ),

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A horrible belief prevails among the Ghegs that when men or women live to be a hundred years old their breath becomes poisonous and kills healthy people. Von Hahn says that old people suspected of causing sickness in this way, especially when an epidemic is raging, have atoned for their longevity with a fiery death at the hands of their panic-stricken neighbours.[1]

A curious notion is also shared by Greeks and Albanians that shadows are capable of assuming an independent existence, and, being malevolently disposed, are able to deal men blows which usually cause their death.

The Dif, or Dev (δίφι, δίβι, δεφ, δέβι), is, like the Kūrdish supernal of the latter name,[2] a being possessed of extraordinary physical strength. "He is a regular Dif" is said of a remarkably strong man, as we say, "He is another Samson." According to the people of Elbassan, the Dif is an enormous giant who lives underground and never comes to the surface, and whose business it is to keep the cauldrons boiling which supply the hot and medicinal springs in the neighbourhood of that town. These springs, in common with those found in other parts of the country, are much resorted to for curative purposes. Their waters are, however, drunk indiscriminately for all kinds of ailments, without regard to their various medicinal properties. The cures effected not being attributed to the water itself so much as to the influence of the magical beings who have their abodes in the springs and wells, people consequently go

[1] *Albanesische Studien*, p. 163.

[2] See p. 155. Von Hahn suggests an Indian origin for this word, which, he says, he had found in no other part of Turkey. *Op. cit.* p. 162.

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from one spring to another in the hope of propitiating the various tutelary deities in charge of them.

The Dragoua are children who are born with bunches of hair or feathers on their shoulders, by means of which they are able to fly, or at least to take tremendous leaps. The mother of such a child must, it is said, be very careful to keep secret its peculiarities, for, should they be observed by a stranger, the child would die, and in any case it will not be long lived. On stormy nights the Dragoua leave their cradles, or beds, and, rising into the air, fight with the Koutchédras, the contest often waxing so hot that they uproot trees to use as weapons, which are, on the following morning, found strewn on the ground.

Another curious belief current in Albania maintains the actual existence there of men with tails, either like those of goats or of horses. Persons retaining these appendages of their remote ancestors are held to be always short and broad of figure, untiring walkers, and endowed with great physical strength. Von Hahn was of opinion that this is not a mere vague popular superstition, but has a foundation in fact. "Soliman of Dragoti, one of my cavasses at Ioannina," he says,[1] "maintained that in his part of the country tailed men of this sort were often to be seen, and that he had himself a tailed cousin, whom he had often, in youth, when bathing together, pulled by this gift of nature. An even more trustworthy authority, Theodoris, who had in his younger days been a klepht on Pindus, related that in his band there was, for several years, an undersized, broad-

[1] *Albanesische Studien*, pp. 163-4.

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shouldered, fair-complexioned man, called Kapitan Yannaki (Captain Johnny), who was reputed to possess a tail. In order to convince themselves of the truth of this report, half a dozen of his comrades (for he was uncommonly strong) had fallen upon him together when he was taking his noon-nap, and he himself had taken part in this ocular inspection. He distinctly remembered seeing a goat-like tail about four finger-breadths long, covered on the outer side with short reddish-coloured hairs." M. Von Hahn's endeavours to see for himself such a *lusus naturæ* were in vain, and the Turkish military surgeons, who inspected annually hundreds of recruits from all parts of the country, confessed that no specimen of the tailed man had ever come under their notice.

The villagers of the Ritza tribe hold in great honour a kind of good genius of the house which they call the Vittóre (βιττόρι), a word which signifies "ancient," and seems to convey the idea of a survival of ancestor worship. The Vittóre is in reality a little thick snake with a speckled skin, which lives in the house walls and seldom leaves its hole. These snakes are believed to live in the same house from generation to generation. They are regarded with great reverence by the family, and especially by the women, who heap benedictions upon them, and predict joyful or sorrowful events according to the sounds made by this house genius. On hearing any unusual or unaccountable noise the women say, "It is the Vittóre." If all the members of a household die, and the house is left empty, or passes into other hands, the Vittóre, too, abandons it, never to return. When an old and much

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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776 825 respected woman dies, the friends who come to offer their condolences say to her relatives, "She was the Vittóre of the house."

In Elbassan the Vittóre also conveys the idea of a good genius, though the snake element is absent, and a wife who has presented her husband with a large family of sons is designated by this name.

775 Vampire beliefs are, generally speaking, more or less the same in Albania as in the rest of Turkey. The hair and beard of the "Restless One" are believed to grow in the tomb, and any one bending over the grave may hear him rattle and grind his teeth. Some 754 774 men are also held to possess the propensities of vampires before death, and to be in the habit of unconsciously going forth by night to suck the blood of children and young maidens.

775 Strangely enough, in Elbassan and the neighbourhood, Von Hahn found no traces of the Vampire (βρυκολακ) pure and simple, as he elsewhere exists. Two connected species, however, came under his notice, the Lougát (λουγάτ) and the Karkantsoli (καρκαντσολι). The first was described as the corpse of a Turk with finger- and toe-nails of prodigious length, which, wrapped in its winding-sheet, roams about at night devouring everything it finds, and strangling any human being unfortunate enough to cross its path. The name of Lougát is also given generally in Northern Albania to a class of uncanny apparitions, which are believed to be the bewitched forms of persons who have led evil lives. These have the faculty of changing their forms with surprising and confusing rapidity, appearing successively as

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charred corpses, howling like wolves, donkeys, pigs, black cats, crows, oil-jars, brooms, &c. The Karkantsoli is the reanimated corpse of a Gipsy, which is believed to wander about, more especially during January nights, ridden by cats, and slaying men with its poisonous breath.

In Albania, as in all the remoter parts of Turkey, there is no Pelasgian ruin to which is not attached some legend of a treasure hidden, and either "guarded by word and by spell," or placed in the safe keeping of a gigantic Negro, Djin, or other Supernal. Those who have concealed treasure in such places have also, it is believed, fixed the time at which it may be brought to light, and have left to their heirs a document containing a description of the hiding-place, the formula of the magic spell pronounced over it at the moment of burial, with the year, day, and hour, on which alone it can be recovered.[1] At the appointed time the heir goes to the spot indicated, pronounces the mysterious words, and the treasure immediately rises to the surface. Sometimes, however, the treasure is buried in such a way that, at the appointed time, it rises spontaneously to the surface, and any one finding it may appropriate it. The lucky person must, however, be careful to keep his own counsel in the matter, or he will be punished by finding the gold turned to charcoal, and will not long survive the incident. When the treasure is in the keeping of a Negro, he occasionally spreads it out in the sunshine in order that it may not be damaged by the damp, and, at the

[1] Compare the Kûrdish story of "The Armenian and the Dervish," p. 169.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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appointed time, he never fails to bring it permanently to the surface.

A story is told of a shepherd who, when pasturing his sheep in Dibra, saw one day a snake curled up asleep on a great heap of gold. In order to induce him to leave it, the shepherd fetched a pail of milk, which he placed near the snake, and then retired to a little distance to watch his movements. As he had calculated, the snake gorged himself with the milk, and then returned to sleep on the gold heap. But the quantity of milk he had drunk made him thirsty and uneasy, and he wriggled and wriggled and could not rest. Finally he went off to get some water, and, the spring being at some distance, before he returned the shepherd had removed the whole of the treasure to a place of safety. What the snake did when he came back and found his property gone, the story omits to mention.

The Tosks hold that hidden treasures are guarded by fire-breathing winged snakes with human faces. These creatures they, however, call by the Greek name of Stoichiò (στοιχιὸ), which signifies generally an elemental spirit. On the eve of Sunday the Stoichiò relaxes its vigilance, and the treasure may then be seized by a bold and enterprising individual.

The existence of a treasure, and the spot where it is to be found, are held to be frequently revealed in dreams, which are repeated on three consecutive nights. As in the above-mentioned case, should the fortunate person take another into his confidence, the gold turns to charcoal and his days are numbered. The Albanian women, however, who are learned in the expounding of dreams, say that, as a rule, they go by contraries.

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The *Ghiak*, the terrible blood feud, or vendetta, before alluded to, may possibly, as suggested by Wassa Effendi, have been in its origin a sacrifice to the *manes* of murdered relatives. As the numerous class of vampire stories tends to show, the ancient belief that those who have died by violence cannot rest quietly in their graves still survives, and the slaying of their murderer, or at least of one of his kindred or clan, would thus be rather an act of religious duty towards the dead than of vengeance on the part of the living.

The majority of the ailments which afflict mankind are believed by the Albanians to be caused by magical influences, and I shall now proceed to give some illustrations of their folk-remedies. These are usually accompanied by some form of incantation, the secret of which is possessed only by some wise-woman who has inherited it from her mother, and who, in her turn, imparts it to her daughter. If, for instance, a person believes himself to have received a blow from one of the invisible Vilas, or some other supernal being, he has recourse to the witch-wife, who, after dressing the patient in white garments, conducts him to an uninhabited house in a retired situation. On arriving, she greets the mysterious powers whom she believes to be invisibly present. She then places her patient in a suppliant posture, gives him rose-water to drink, and both observe a solemn silence for some ten minutes, during which she makes certain mysterious signs and motions. After wishing the Vilas good-night, the witch-wife leads her patient home by a circuitous road.

Sometimes a circle is drawn round a person so afflicted,

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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incident that occurs during its twelve hours is believed to presage the events of the corresponding months of the coming year, and the events of the first day of each month the character, lucky or unlucky, of the other days generally. It is unlucky to work in the fields during the first week of October, and no corn is sown this month, as the crop would be sure to fail.

The period between the 15th of November and the 6th of January is, like the Greek *Fishoti* and the Bulgarian *Kulada*,[1] supposed to be the carnival time of the Vilas and other supernal beings, who are, at that season, not only more active, but more powerful than at others, and especially during the night. After sunset, consequently, people refrain from going abroad, or drinking water, for fear of mischief, and give no credence to their dreams. They are also careful not to leave any article of wearing apparel out of doors after nightfall, and if, by some oversight, a garment should be so left, it is washed before being used, in order to get rid of any spell cast upon it by the supernals.

Christmas, which bears a name (*Kolendravel*[2]) apparently connected with those by which it is known among the Bulgarians and Vlachs, is observed with ceremonies that recall those of more Northern nations, as well as with some similar to those of their last-mentioned neighbours. On the 24th and 25th of

[1] Vol. i. pp. 123 and 329.

[2] Von Hahn derives this name from the κολίνδρα, the ring-shaped cakes made at this season. I would, however, suggest the greater likelihood of the cakes having been named after the name of the feast in its various forms of (Albanian) *Kolendravel*, (Vlach) *Kolindi*, and (Bulgarian) *Kulada*.

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of these parti-coloured bracelets, with a tiny gold coin attached, was, on the 1st of March (Old Style), presented by the Roumanian Consul-General to each lady of his acquaintance, and I, for one, religiously wore my charm against the power of the March sun, which in the East generally is said to "blacken" the complexion, until the month was out. It was not, however, finally thrown to the swallows, but carried off by an English visitor as a curio.

On the 25th of this month the women go through the house beating on copper pans, in order to drive out any poisonous snakes that may have intended to take up their abode there. The two last days of March and the first of April are called *Plyáketé*, a word signifying "old," and referring to the past season, personified as "Old Mother Winter." If by the last-mentioned date Spring has not yet fully set in, the blame is laid at the door of the old women, who are evidently held to be in league with "Old Mother Winter."

On Easter Eve in some places, Selitza, for instance, the young men assemble with lighted torches, which they wave about as they walk in procession through the village. Arrived at the river, they throw them in, crying, "*Koré-ya* (O Maiden)! We throw thee into the water with these torches, so mayest thou never return!" the *Koré* evidently referring, as Von Hahn suggests,[1] to the malevolent supernals, Vilas, Dragouas, &c., before described. When the priest comes to bless the house on Easter Day, the women throw after him, as he leaves, hot embers from the

[1] *Albanesische Studien*, p. 160.

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538 177 773 folk-tales, is, however, almost entirely absent from those of the Albanians. Of the so-called religious legends current among the Skipetars, some are of Christian and others of Moslem origin. The following explanation, given by the highlanders, of the [262] reason for the Moslem's distaste for pork, savours, however, rather of Bektashí scepticism. One day, they say, Mohammed went out in company with a Christian on a thieving expedition. Finding nothing else to lay their hands upon, the pair took possession of a sow, which, having killed, they proceeded to divide by drawing lots. As luck would have it, the head, shoulders, and best parts of the carcase fell to the Christian, while the Prophet received as his portion only the tail and the hams. Discontented with his share of the spoil, Mohammed proclaimed the pig unclean, and forbade his followers to eat thenceforward of its flesh.[1]

538 773 Some of the sayings proverbially current among the Albanians have their origin in myths, which are for the most part of a religious character. The phrase, "The drop has fallen," used with reference to any one who has died suddenly, with the connected imprecation, "May the drop fall on thee!" are thus explained. While the rebellious angels were falling [776] from heaven into the abyss, the angel Gabriel called a halt, and every one stopped exactly where he happened to be at that moment. Some had already reached the regions below the earth, others were on the earth itself, while a third section were still in mid-air, where they have remained suspended ever

[1] Compare Hecquard, *La Haute Albanie*, p. 310.

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since. If the tears of remorse which they are continually shedding happen to fall upon a human being he dies instantaneously. "Suspended devils" also occur in the Armenian legend of the Fall, already related.[1]

The saying, "Eat him, wolf, and make him burst, O Michael," refers to the part played by Satan in the following legend. When God created Adam, Satan, after inspecting him, observed that he did not think highly of His handiwork, and believed himself capable of producing something better. The Lord took Satan's remarks in good part, and gave him leave to try his hand at creation. Satan then kneaded some dough, as he had seen the Lord do, and fashioned it into the shape of a wolf, which he asserted to be equal to God's handiwork. "Thou must give thy creature life," said the Lord to him, "as I have given to mine." So Satan set about doing this, and he blew into the wolf till his black head became red and blue, but to no purpose, for it still remained lifeless. The Lord, finally becoming weary of his vain attempts, struck the wolf on the side with a staff and gave him life. Hence it is that the wolf has a hollow beneath his ribs. God then said to the wolf, "Creature, devour thy creator." What the Archangel Michael has to do with the story does not, however, appear.[2]

Another legend concerning the Devil describes him as fastened by a chain of enormous strength to a rock. The whole year through he gnaws at the links,

[1] Vol. i. p. 272.
[2] Von Hahn, *Albanesische Studien*, p. 165.

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538 which, by Easter Eve, have become very thin. On
776 the morning of Easter Sunday, however, the Saviour arrives with a new chain with which He again secures Satan to the rock.

A graceful little myth is related in some parts of Albania concerning the origin of the Cuckoo and the *Gyon*, or *Gyonit*, which is, I believe, a species of small
539 owl. The story goes that the cuckoo and the gyon were brother and sister, and had a brother named Gyon, who had been killed. Various causes are assigned for his death in the different versions of the story, that current among the Ritza tribe being that he was accidentally stabbed by his brother with a pair of scissors. In order the better to mourn his loss, the surviving brother was changed into the bird gyon, and the sister into a cuckoo. And so the gyon calls his brother all night long by his name, "*Gyon, Gyon!*" and the cuckoo in the daytime sings, "*Kou! Kou!*" which means, "Where art thou?"[1] In Elbassan, however, it is also said that the sister was changed into the blue flower, which is called the "cuckoo flower," or "cuckoo's bread," and when a woman finds this flower in the field she sings:

Cuckoo, cuckoo, more than cuckoo,
Saw'st thou me?
Saw I thee?
Saw'st thou thy dear brother, Gyon?
How they slew him like an ox?
Blood a spoonful,
Flesh a cupful;
Give me both thine hands!

[524 857] [1] It has occurred to me that the call of "Cuckoo," used by children both in the East and in the West when playing hide-and-seek, may have its origin in some such bird legend.

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The following little Tosk song refers to an unsuccessful rising in South Albania about 1835:—

From Corfu they tidings bear,
Tafilbouz is landing here;
On Avlona's shore he lands,
Three detachments he commands.

To the mosque they crowd and shout,
"Hodo, from thy house come out!"
Now may Allah be his shield,
If to them should Hodo yield!

O Hodo, O Sadik, Bekir, and Karafili!
Simon the Liap's brave sons!
'Mid the rattle of the guns,
They have fall'n, unhappy ones!
May the rest be lucky!

The national songs, as well as the folk-tales, of the land of their forefathers are also sacredly cherished by those Albanians who, as before mentioned, for centuries past have been settled in Southern Italy and Sicily. There the exploits of the heroic Scanderbeg are still celebrated, and at their feasts they sing how the hero of Croia

Of hares and capons ate the flesh,
Of partridges the heads ate;

and how

His cups and forks were all of gold,
And of fine silk his napkins.

The women, too, in their Easter dances, relate how, as he went forth to battle, Death met him on the road, and revealed to him the secrets of the Book of Destiny; how he called to him his young son, and bade him tie his horse to a cypress on the seashore, plant his

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538 banner beside it, and on it hang his sword, stained
776 with the blood of the Turk:

539

Within its blade Death yet shall sleep,
And, 'neath that sombre tree,
The arms of their erst dreaded foe,
Shall they now silent be?

No! When the wind shall furious blow,
And waves my flag around,
When whinnies my good charger there,
My sword makes clanking sound,

The Turk shall hear, and, tremblingly,
He'll turn, with bated breath,
With visage blanched, and hear behind
Him, swiftly following, Death.

[854 533] The Gheg mother, in her mountain home, rocks her little ones to sleep and amuses their waking hours with such lullabies as these:

I.

539 854

"*De! De!* Lambkin mine,
Where didst thou this even dine?"
"In the fields where waters flow,
'Neath the trees where cherries grow,"

"Tell me what thou there didst see?"
"Two twin birdies on a tree."
"What song did they sing to thee?"
"*Chili! Chili! Mangouli!*

I saw the old woman
'Mong corn ears all ripe;
I heard her a-playing
Upon the black pipe!"

PEAKS OF SHALA

sun is now the only living thing that saw that city built." 361

We shaded our eyes with cupped hands and looked at it. The world was suddenly all aglitter, every leaf a heliograph, every giant slope of rock reflecting a thousand rays, and our eyes watered. But, gazing steadily, we saw the fragment of a wall, and below it, curling around the tall, slender cone of the mountain, traces of a road that had been walled, and a broken flight of four broad steps, torn apart by the roots of a tree. It was the only tree we could see on the three-thousand-foot height, but, like all the others of the forests, it was a gnarled, branchless trunk; its young boughs had been cut every spring to feed the goats.

"Does anyone live there now?"

"No," said Cheremi. "It[1] is the place where the ora love to sit, and sometimes one hears them crying, like trees in a wind, when there is no wind. But no human person lives there." 776

"What is an ora?" I asked, when Perolli had translated.

"An ora—a spirit of the forest, soul of a tree or a rock.[2] Nature spirits," said Frances. "You know the Greek oreads? Well, that's the Greek name of the Albanian ora; the Greeks got them from the Albanians."

"And they still live in these mountains?"

"Apparently. Did you ever see an ora, Cheremi?" she asked him, in Albanian.

"No. Very few people see them. But I have

1 [Ancient city of Pog -- Analyst] [45] 2 [see also pp. 61-64 & pp. 66-76 -- Analyst]

PEAKS OF SHALA

776 heard them singing, and once, in the Wood of the Ora, which we will pass to-morrow, I heard 761 them talking together in the twilight. I heard 776 them say that my cousin would die," said Cheremi, seriously.

"And did he die?"

"Of course," said he, surprised by the question. "He was a strong man, but within six weeks, sitting beside the fire one night, he said that he felt a pain in his heart, and in an hour he was dead." Cheremi crossed himself.

361 "But about the city of Pog. Does anyone ever go there? Could we go there?"

People sometimes went, he said; the shepherds always went to cut the branches of the trees, which belonged to the tribe of Pultit. How far was it from where we stood? He thought for [804] a time, and said, "Four hours." Albanians have no measure for distance except the time it takes to walk it, and this time corresponds with no measurement of ours. He had said that our walk of that day would be an hour and a half; we had already been exhausting every ounce of energy and breath for four, and were scarcely a third of the way.

"What does one find when one gets there?"

"Very little. There is the old wall which you see, and on the rock one can follow the lines of the walls of houses, built square and with many rooms, and from the rocks which have fallen they must have been tall houses. That is all, except that on some of the large stones one can

1 [The ora or nature spirits-[46] Analyst]

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"Doubtless it had a bird or snake for guardian, and that spirit came and took it away again," said Cheremi, and Perolli explained that when one buries a treasure one calls to some creature of the woods and intrusts the hoard to its care. "O spirit of the small gray serpent with poison in thy tooth, guard for me this treasure. Let no man see it for ten times ten years, and then deliver it only to those of my family," would be a simple formula, but usually more imagination is used. For instance, Perolli knew of a man who called the large magpie to watch him bury his treasure, and he said to the bird, "Let no one uncover this gold until two black mice have dragged three times around this tree a carriage made of an acorn cup, with a small mouse in it." But his incantation was overheard, and the crafty neighbor caught and dyed and trained the mice and made the carriage, and had them drag it three times around the tree, after which the magpie gave up the treasure. Otherwise it would have disappeared when a hand was laid upon it.

"But does Cheremi really believe these things?" I asked myself, and, looking at his serious face and Perolli's, I was struck with the startling idea that Perolli believed them, too, in spite of his English suit and European education, and I felt in my own mind something like a soft landslide, uncovering possibilities of wild beliefs in myself. "Anything can happen in the mountains of Albania," I said, picking up my staff and rising, for the shadows of the western mountains were

[Image of gold, see cat. 116, p. 47 - [48] Analyst]

PEAKS OF SHALA

as courteous to the children's curiosity as the children were to theirs—were keen and intelligent, but when it came to explaining electricity I was as helpless as they and could answer only with vague indications of some strange unknown force which we use without understanding it.

A woman, barefooted, barearmed, graceful as a sculptor's hope of a statue, lifted the cover from the baking-pan, crossed herself, made the sign of the cross over the hot loaf, and took it up. Stooping, with the smoking golden disk between her hands, she stopped, suddenly struck motionless. The long, strange cry came again through the darkness, like a voice of the wind and the mountains and the night.

"Look here, Perolli," said I, my stretched nerves unexpectedly relaxing into the kind of anger that is part of fear, "what is that? Don't be an idiot! Tell me!"

"It is an ora,[1] if you must know," said Perolli, and he looked at me defiantly, as though he expected me to laugh.

"An ora!" said Frances, sitting up. The strange, unearthly call came again, very far away this time; we strained our ears to hear it. Then silence and the roaring of the river. The turbaned men in the circle of firelight, who had understood the word, nodded.

"Holy crickets! Rose Lane, we're actually hearing an oread!" Frances exclaimed. And Alex said: "Oh no! Undoubtedly there is some natural explanation."

1 [A nature spirit, see also [61] cat. 116, pp. 45-6 (- Analyst pp. 66-76)]

● 776 "How do you know there isn't what you call a natural explanation for an oread?" Frances demanded, and the wild notion crossed my mind that if Perolli had not been with fellow sharers of the blessings of Western civilization he would have been crossing himself instead of lighting another cigarette. Little Rexh, in his red fez, spoke earnestly: "Do not believe there are no ora or devils in these mountains, Mrs. Lane. There are very many of them."

"Of course," said I, and I do not know how much I believed it and how much I assumed that I did, in order to encourage our hosts to talk. "Do you often see ora in this village?" I said across the fire to the many intelligent, watching eyes, and Rexh picked up our words and turned them into Albanian or English as we talked.

"We do not see the ora," said a tall man with many heavy silver chains around his neck. "Do you see the ora in your country?"

"I do not think they live in the West," said I. "I think that they are very old, like the Albanians, and, like you, do not leave their mountains. This is the first time I have ever been where they live, and I should like to meet one." But I doubt if I should have said that if I had been outside those solid stone walls.

"Perhaps you will hear them talking when you go through the Wood of the Ora," said a woman whose three-year-old daughter was going to sleep in her lap.

"Very few people have seen them," said the

coffee maker, licking a cigarette and placing his left hand on his heart as he offered it to me. I fitted it into my cigarette holder; he lifted a burning twig from the fire and lighted it. "Now my father was accompanied by an ora all his life, but he was the only one who saw it, and he told no one about it until just before he died."

"Did he ever talk with her?"

"No, but she always walked before him on every safe trail. He was sixteen when he first saw her; he was watching the goats in the mountains. She appeared before him, standing on the trail. He said that he knew at once that she was not of our kind, because she was so beautiful. She was about twelve years old, wearing clothing not like ours, but of a white and shining material —my father said that it was like mist and it was like silk and it was like fire, but he could not say what it was like. Her hair was golden. She stood on the trail and with her hand she made a sign to him to stop, and he stopped, and they looked at each other for a long time. Then he spoke to her, but she did not answer. She was not there. And my father went on, and found on the trail he would have taken a great rock that had just fallen, and he knew that the ora had saved his life.

"He came home, and said nothing. The next morning when he went out with the goats the ora was waiting outside the door, and she went before him all that day. Always after that, whenever he left the house, she went before him on the trails.

[Last house of Marke Gjonni--[63] Analyst]

PEAKS OF SHALA

776 "My father was a strong man and very wise; he married and had many children; he fought the Turks and the Austrians and the Serbs and the Italians. He had a good life. But he never went anywhere unless the ora went before him. In the morning when he left the house, if she was not there he returned and sat by the fire that day. Often on the trails he was with many people, but none but him ever saw the ora. She remained always the same, always the size of a twelve-year-old child, always very beautiful, shining white and with golden hair.

"When she turned aside on the trail, my father turned also, and the people did as he did, though he did not say why. My father was known as a very wise man. Many times he saved the lives of many people by following the ora."

Several of the older men in the intently listening circle shook their heads, as though they remembered this, and when I asked them with my eyes they said, "*Po! Po!*" which means, "Yes."

776 "When my father[1] was sixty-five years old,
763 strong and healthy, one day the ora did not come. She did not come the next day, nor the next, nor the next, for many days. Then my father knew that she would not come again and that it was his time to die. So he arranged all his affairs and died. Just before he died he told us about the ora; he told us so that we would know why he was making ready for death, and it was because his ora had left him."

[1] [coffee-maker sat house of [64] Marke Gjonni -- Andy st]

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future. Twenty-five centuries had vanished, for me, as though they had never been.

"That lady ora was no doubt betrothed to one of her own people," said a man who had not previously spoken. "Now in my lost country of Ipek—may the Serbs who are murdering her feel our teeth in their throats!—I know a man who was married to an ora."

A woman, barefooted, wearing a skirt of heavy black and white wool, a wide, silver-studded leather belt and a blouse of sheer white, her two thick black braids of hair falling from beneath a crimson headkerchief almost to her knees, came out of the shadows beyond the fire and lowered from her shoulder a beautifully shaped wooden jar of water. She held it braced against her hip, and, stooping, poured a thin stream over our outstretched hands. We laved them, the water sinking into the ashes around the fire, and another woman handed us each a towel of hand-woven red-and-white-plaided linen. Then we sat expectantly, but only a wooden bowl of cheese was set on the floor before us.

It was goat's-milk cheese, rather like the cottage cheese of home, except that it was hard, cut in cubes, and of an acrid, sourish flavor. We each took a piece, nibbled it.

"Oh, Perolli, can't you tell them we're starving? It's almost one o'clock in the morning!" cried Frances, pathetically.

"Be patient," said Perolli. "How many times

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must I say that it isn't polite in Albania to be so greedy?"

"But it's eleven hours since any of us had a bite!" Frances protested. "Don't tell me Cheremi and our other men aren't starving."

"Albanians don't care so much about food," said Perolli. "I'm not hungry." He lit another cigarette, and, seeing the circle of politely incurious but keen eyes fixed on us, I said, "Tell them that we are very much interested in the story about the ora, and that we want to hear about the man who married one." And I surreptitiously prodded Alex, who, sitting bolt upright with her eyes open, was obviously asleep with fatigue.

The man who had spoken of that unearthly marriage rolled and licked a cigarette, offered it to Alex with his hand on his heart, rolled himself another, lighted both with a blazing twig, settled comfortably on his heels, and began.

"This man was my friend, well known to me and to all the families of Ipek. A strong man, a good fighter, and respected by all. But his life was not complete, for the girl his father had chosen for him had died, and he was not married. There were many girls he might have had, girls of Montenegro and even of Shala and Shoshi and Kossova, but he said that he did not wish to marry. He came to his thirty-seventh year and was not married.

"One night he was sitting alone in his house, making a cup of coffee in the ashes of the fire, when the door opened. He looked, and there was

776 a woman who had come out of the darkness. She was no woman of our tribe, nor of any other tribe of man, though she was dressed like our women. My friend looked at her and said to himself that he had never known women could be so beautiful. Men could be as beautiful as that, yes, but not women. And he knew, though he did not know how he knew, that she was not of our kind.

"He said to her, 'Long life to you!' and she replied, 'And to you long life!' She came and sat by his fire, and he gave her the cup of coffee one gives a guest. She drank it and returned the cup to him, saying, 'Good trails to your feet!' Then they looked at each other for some time without speaking.

"Then she said to him, 'Am I not beautiful?' And he said, 'Yes.' She said to him, 'Have you ever seen a woman more beautiful?' And he said, 'No.' And after she had been silent for a long time she said to him, 'Will you marry me?' And he said, 'No.'

"She said to him, 'Do you think you will find a woman more beautiful than I?' He looked at her between the eyes and said, 'I know that I shall never see a woman so beautiful.' She said, 'Then will you marry me?' And he said, 'No.'

"'Why will you not marry me?' she asked, and he said, 'I do not wish to marry.' So for a time they sat silent, and then she said, 'Do not forget me,' and went away.

"He told me these things, and I said to him, 'She was an ora.' He said, 'Yes, I know.' I said,

PEAKS OF SHALA

'Was she a gypsy ora?' For, as you know, there 776
are two kinds of ora, and if she were a gypsy ora I would have been troubled for my friend. He said, 'No, she was a lady ora.' We spoke no more about it.

"Three years went by, to a day, and again it happened that my friend was sitting alone in his house, making a cup of coffee in the ashes of the fire, when again the door opened."

The man of Ipek stopped speaking, opened his [276]
silver tobacco box, and put a pinch of the long, fine, golden tobacco on a cigarette paper. He spread it carefully, twisted it into the cone shape of the Albanian cigarette, glanced at us to see that none of our cigarette holders were empty, and placed the white slender cone between his lips. He lighted it and drew several deliberate puffs. No one spoke. There was the red circle of firelight, the graceful black and white and colored figures huddled close to it, around us the shadows of the house, and beyond them the vast, murmurous blackness of the night and the mountains; the chill and mystery of them seemed to be pressing against the stone walls that kept them out, and the sound of the waterfall was like the sighing breaths of strange, wild things.

"My friend was sitting by his fire, like this, but he was alone. It was the third coming of that day of the year on which the ora had come out of the darkness, and when again the door opened he knew, without turning to see, who it was.

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776 "She came in, and he turned and said, 'Long life to you!' Then he saw that with her was a manservant, and that manservant was of her own kind. She said to my friend, 'And to you long life!' She sat by the fire, and he gave her coffee, and she drank, and the manservant stood in the shadows behind them.

"'Have you forgotten me?' she said, and my friend said, 'No.' They looked at each other, and she said, 'Am I not beautiful?' And he said, 'Yes.' Then she leaned close to him and said, 'Will you marry me?' And he said, 'No.'

"When he said that she rose, and she was more beautiful angry than she had been before. She said: 'Come with me. My father wishes to see you.'

"He said, 'What have I to do with your father?'

"She said, 'Come with me.'

"My friend did not know why he went, or how he went, or where he went. They came to a place in the mountains, but it was a strange place, and strange mountains—my friend could not describe that place. It was a place in our mountains, but such a place as no man had ever seen. There were trees that were alive; it was all my friend could say. There were many souls of trees about him, and they were ora, and among them was their king, who is the king of the ora. He stood before the king of the ora.

"The king looked at him and said, 'Will you marry my daughter?' And he said, 'No.'

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"The king said to him: 'My daughter has seen you. My daughter wishes to be your wife. She will be a good wife to you. She will bring you great happiness. She is my daughter, a lady ora.'

"My friend said: 'I thank you. Your daughter is very beautiful and very good. But I do not wish to marry.'

"The king of the ora said, 'If you will marry my daughter you will have all the heart desires. I will make you rich in the things that men call riches in the Land of the Eagle.'

"My friend said: 'I am a poor man. I am not a bey of the south, of the land of the Toshk, but I am a Gheg, a man of the mountains. All that I need I earn with my hands, and that is enough. I do not wish to marry.'

"Then the king of the ora rose, and he was not angry, but he was very terrible. He said, 'Marry my daughter.'

"And my friend married his lady daughter."

The man of Ipek seemed to think that the story was ended. But I, who had been scribbling all this down in my notebook, hidden in the shadow of Rexh, as Perolli translated it to me paragraph by paragraph, did not agree with him at all. "What happened?" I wanted to know.

"Nothing happened. His family came into the empty house and he was gone, leaving his gun on the wall and the empty coffee cup by the dead ashes of the fire. They were very much

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776 afraid. My friend had not told any man but me about the visit of the ora three years before, and I said nothing. Some days went over the tops of the mountains, and no one knew where he had gone. Then he came back, and brought with him his wife, the ora."

The rest I got by questions.

"No one could see her except my friend," said the man of Ipek. "No one but he ever saw her. He built himself a beautiful house; there were rugs in it, and tables of carved wood, and bowls of copper and silver—all things that are beautiful. Cigarette holders of amber and silver with jeweled bowls, and sashes and turbans of silk, and cushions of silk, and beautiful jars for bringing water from the springs. All kinds of rich and beautiful things, and always great quantities of delicate and rich foods. The men of Ipek remember that house well.

"Yes, my friend is dead now. He lived in happiness with his wife for twenty years, and they had children whom he loved. But only he could see them, for to others they were invisible, like his wife. I have been in his house many times when she was there, but I never saw her. Others say they have seen strange things in that house; they have seen things moved by hands they could not see. But I never saw that. Only I know that my friend was happy with his wife and children. She was a lady ora, and kept his house well. The gypsy ora are dirty folk, but the lady ora love cleanliness and order. Every-

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one respected my friend and his lady wife. Whenever he entered a village, all guns were fired in his honor, for men said, 'The man who married a lady ora is coming into the village.' Oh, it was all very well known in Ipek, among the people of my tribe who are now slaves to the cursed Serbs.

"When he died, no doubt she went back to her own people, taking their children with her. His family came to take back his house, and they found all manner of beautiful things, but no money. No money anywhere."

"What do you think of it?" I said to Frances. "Do you believe —— Great Scott! Of course it isn't true! I don't know what's wrong with my mind. Men don't marry tree spirits. It's absurd."

But, frankly, my conviction was that of the man who whistles cheerfully while passing a graveyard at night, because, of course, he does not believe in ghosts.

"There's some natural explanation," said Alex. "The man went away for some reason—perhaps he actually had found some of the treasure they say is buried in these mountains—and when he came back he invented the story to account for it."

"But he had told this man about seeing the ora three years earlier."

"Well, they're a very patient people. Perhaps he waited three years after he found the treasure before he dug it up."

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still see them, they must still be—— But of course it must be all imagination."

"And there was that sound we heard. I never heard anything like it before. Perolli, you said it was an ora."

He looked badgered. "I meant, whatever it was, it is what these people call an ora."

"Do the ora ever come into this village?" I demanded at large.

"We hear them in the village at night," said the coffee maker, quite casually, as he measured a spoonful of brown powder into the tiny pot. "No, we never see them. They call to us, and when we answer they talk, but we cannot understand their language. Always when we speak to them they answer in their own tongue."

"But, Cheremi, you heard them talking about your cousin's death," I said.

"We hear them talking together sometimes, yes," said the coffee maker. "If you go through the Wood of the Ora at twilight you will often hear them talking in some language you will understand—in Persian or Arabic or Greek or Albanian. Then if you listen perhaps you will hear them speak of you or of some one you know. But if you speak to them, they will be silent, and then they will go on talking together in their own language, which no man understands. It is no doubt the old language of the trees."

"But you cut the trees," said Alex.

"Yes," I cried, struck by it. "You cut all the

branches off the trees. Doesn't it cripple or hurt the ora?"

"The ora is a spirit," said the man of Ipek. "You cannot hurt a pure spirit that has no body. Ora are spirits of the forests, but they are not part of the trees. I understand it, but I do not say it very well. Even if you cut down a tree you do not kill the ora. An ora does not live, an ora simply is."

We were interrupted by Cheremi, who approached, knelt mysteriously by Perolli's side, and whispered. Perolli turned to us. "Our dinner is delayed," he said, "because they can find nothing to give to Rexh. They have only pork in the house, and they have sent through all the village and cannot find any eggs or goat's meat. A boy has gone now, over the mountains to the next village, to get something they can offer a Mohammedan. You see, their flocks were destroyed when the Serbs retreated through here, and if they kill one of the two sheep for us, it means losing the lambs next year."

"But, Miss Hardy, I can eat corn bread. That is all I need," said Rexh, earnestly.

"We can't tell them that now. We should have thought of it sooner," said Perolli. "We must wait at least until the boy comes back."

"Oh, my sainted grandmother!" cried poor Frances. "Aren't we going to have any dinner at all till breakfast time?"

"Is it because we are guests that our hosts are taking all this trouble to give Rexh the food a

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CHAPTER X

THE WATER ORA OF MALI SHARIT—THE COMING OF THE TRIBES TO EUROPE BEFORE THE SEAS WERE BORN, AND HOW THE FIRST GREEKS CAME IN BOATS—WHY ALEXANDER THE GREAT WAS BORN IN EMADHIJA, AND OF HIS JOURNEY TO MACEDONIA—THE SAD HOUSE OF KOL MARKU.

"THE water ora were an ancient race," said the old man. "They were here before the ora of the forests. I do not think there are very many of them left, and no man has seen them in my time, nor in the time of my father. But very long ago, before the tribes of Shala, Shoshi, and Pultit were founded by the three brothers from the land that is now the Merdite country, there was a man of their tribe who caught a water ora. It is a very old song, and much of it has been forgotten, but the man was a man from the Mali Sharit, and by three days he missed becoming the king of the world. In my father's time the thing that happened to him was still sung. I heard that song when I was a child, but I have forgotten the words of it. I remember only the thing that happened.

"The man of Mali Sharit went every day to the wood on the mountain, and in that wood was

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776 539 a lake, small, but like the sky in clearness. I do not know why he went; he was probably laying by green leaves to feed his sheep in the winter. But it happened that one day while he worked he saw a very beautiful girl lift her head from that clear water and look carefully in every direction. He was hidden by low leaves and she did not see him. When she saw no one, she came from the water into the sunshine, and danced in the sunshine. When she had danced until she wished no longer to dance, she went again into the water. The man of Mali Sharit went to the pool and looked into it, and it was like the sky in clearness.

"The next day this happened, and the next, and on the evening of the third day the man of Mali Sharit went to a wise old woman and told her what he had seen. He said: 'I am thirsty for this girl. If I cannot marry her I will marry no one and have no sons. Tell me what I can do.'

"The old woman thought, and said: 'I will tell you what to do. To-morrow you shall take to the edge of the pool a silver mirror and lay it beside the pool. And you shall take a rope and tie yourself round and round with your back against a tree trunk. And you shall stay there without moving while the girl comes from the pool and goes into it again. Then come and tell me what you saw.'

"The man of Mali Sharit did this. When the girl came from the water and saw the mirror she looked into it for a long time. Then she saw

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the man of Mali Sharit where he stood tied to the tree, and quickly she went back into the water. That day she had not danced.

"In the evening the old woman said: 'It is good. For three days you shall do again as you have done to-day. On the third day, lay beside the mirror a dress of white silk in which there has been cut no opening for the head to go through. The girl will put this on, in order to see it upon her in the mirror. But when her head is inside it, while she tries to find the opening that is not there, then loosen your ropes and leap quickly, and take her to your house as your wife.'

"All that the old woman had said was wise, and the man of Mali Sharit took the ora of the pool to his house as his wife. But that is not the end of the song."

The old man paused to adjust a freshly rolled cigarette in his silver holder. For a moment pale sunshine came through the slits of windows in bars of light across the colored rugs and the mass of loungers upon them; it struck a sparkle here and there from revolver hilt and silver chain. Then it went out, and only the firelight richly accented the duskiness. There was a constant coming and going on the long balcony outside the windows, for behind one of the closed doors Padre Marjan was hearing confessions and giving absolution or penance for sins.

"It's like some old, half-forgotten story," I said, puzzled. "I remember it, but only as he tells it."

PEAKS OF SHALA

000 "Mmmh. So do I," said Alex. "I can't just remember what comes next."

"*Asht shum i buker* (It is very beautiful)," I said to the old man. "And what was the end of the song?"

539 "The man of Mali Sharit kept in his house the
776 ora of the pool," the old man continued, "and she was his wife. For six months he was not unhappy, for she was beautiful and she was good, but he longed to hear her speak. And when the six months of humbleness and modesty were gone and the time had come for her to laugh and be gay in his house, she was still silent. The man of Mali Sharit worked hard for her. He brought her fine wool to weave and he made a most beautiful cradle painted with figures of animals and of birds and of fishes, for he remembered that she was of the water. But when he gave her the wool she said nothing, and when he showed her the cradle she was silent. He said to her, 'Tell me what you want, that I may get it for you,' and she did not answer. He went into the woods to a place he knew, and fought the wild bees and brought her honey, and she ate the honey, smiling, but still she did not speak. He did other things that I do not remember; he did everything that his mind could devise, to make her break that stillness, and she did not. His home was always very still, and he was troubled. And when their son was born she loved the child, but she made no sound when he was born and she made no song when she nursed him.

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"And when a year had gone by since their marriage he could endure this stillness no longer. He went to the wise old woman and told her this and asked her how to make his wife speak. 776 539

"The old woman thought, and said, 'You will kill a sheep and take the bladder of the sheep and fill it with its blood. Secretly put the bladder into the cradle of the child. To-night speak sternly to your wife and command her to speak. If she does not answer, take your knife and say to her, 'Speak, or I will kill the child.' If then she does not speak, strike with your knife into the cradle and cut the bladder. When she sees the blood your wife will speak.'

"The man of Mali Sharit went with a heavy heart and a dark mind and did as the old woman had told him. He said to his wife, 'Speak!' and she was silent. He took out his knife and showed it to her, and she was silent. He laid his hand upon the cradle, he said he would kill the child, and she looked at him with terrible eyes and was silent. Then he struck, and the blood came red upon the blankets, and she spoke.

"She spoke with a sob and a scream. She lifted the cradle in her arms, and she said, 'Had you been patient for three days longer, I could have made you king of the world.' Then she wept, and her tears became a fountain, and the fountain became a mist, and the mist was gone. The man of Mali Sharit never saw his wife again, and as for the child, in three days he died. And I do not know what became of the man of Mali Sharit."

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522 of humor which is never idle, and seldom comprehensible to the foreigner.

776 "Drangojt means the people with wings, Mrs. Lane," said Rexh, and thought that all was clear. "You know, the people born with little wings under their arms," he elaborated, when I regarded him blankly. "The people—I don't know how other to say it, Mrs. Lane. Wings, you know—what the birds fly with—wings. Under their arms. Don't you have people born with wings in your country?"

I said that if we had I knew nothing of it, and Rexh's forehead wrinkled with perplexity. "But perhaps—— Of course you are not a drangue, you would not know the American drangojt," he concluded, his face clearing. "You can usually tell them, though, by their running to their houses whenever it rains. First, you hear the dragon on the mountains; then, you see all the drangojt running to houses. That is the way you tell them; except, if you are their mother, then you see the wings when they are born. But if you are not their mother, you cannot see the wings, and you only know they are drangojt when they run to their houses in the rain."

"Are they afraid they'll get their wings wet?" said I, with great interest.

"Oh no! They are not afraid of anything. When the weather is thundering, that is the dragon fighting with the drangojt. So when they hear the dragon, all the drangojt go quickly to their houses to be ready if they are called to

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fly and fight the dragon. Even the babies fly home with their cradles. There is no drangue so young that it could not anyway scratch the dragon."

That was the charm and delight of those days and nights, all too few, which I spent in the Albanian mountains. Around every turn in the trail the unexpected awaited us.

We gazed with new interest upon the gray clouds that struggled among the mountain tops. The dragon and the drangojt were fighting up there, then? Yes, indeed, said Rexh. When the drangojt had defeated the dragon, then he would go away and we would see the sun again. All the world, he said, would be taken by the dragon, and we would never see the sun again, if it were not for the brave drangojt. Once the dragon had almost taken the world—that was when the waters fell and the seas were born—and only the drangojt of Dukaghini had saved it then. That was long ago. "Long, long years of years ago," said Rexh. "I guess, even before these tribes of people and drangojt were ever called Dukaghini." At that time, the dragon had lost his three heads, and that was why there never since had been such a battle in the skies.

"How do you know all this, Rexh?" we asked, respectfully.

"It was told in the songs," said he.

"And do you know those songs?"

No, he said regretfully. He had heard some of them when he was very little—when he lived

10: Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EGl Albania EGl

(Godolesh and Lumë). The first two phrases are evidently old Albanian and have nothing exclusively Moslem about them; the second (lit. 'May I see God') has even a Catholic ring. The third is widely known all over the Moslem world and in certain areas which were once under Moslem rule. But it is used in a magical rather than a religious sense. It is found in magical formulae among the Arabs of Egypt and the Christian Greeks of the island of Zea, next door neighbour to Euboea.[1]

The only invocation of the Deity which the author recorded among the Orthodox was in Shpat and ran as follows: 'By that Christ in Whom we believe.' It is evidently a Church formula.

There was no sign that any of these oaths was preferred to the others; they seemed to have equal value. Readers who know the Catholics and the Orthodox, the two religions which divided Albania before the Turks came in the fifteenth century, will be struck by the paucity of references to Christ and the Virgin Mary and by the emphasis on God; this may be a further indication that the oaths go back to pagan days when neither Christ nor the Virgin was known.

Formulae for invoking Catholic saints were such as 'By that St Nicolas' in Kurbin and 'By the candle of St Nicolas' among the Highlanders of Breg i Matit and Gurrëzë. Both were very grave oaths. The candle in the second is the wax taper lit before pictures of the saint by the devout; oath-takers seem to have feared that perjury would extinguish the flame of their life as easily as a candle could be put out. Of all their saints too, the Catholic Highlanders preferred St Nicolas. No Moslem saints were invoked as such; it was rather by their graves than themselves that oaths were taken. A strange oath, which comes from Surroj, was an exception. This ran 'By this patron saint of coffee'. Coffee, the peasants of Surroj explained, has a 'very important' patron saint. All over Albania coffee-house keepers make a libation to him every morning by pouring away the first cup of coffee that they make. They hope that after being placated in this way the saint will send them many customers. Some believe that he lies buried somewhere in the east of the Turkish empire, possibly in Arabia.

Catholic priests and Moslem clergymen—hoxhas and sheikhs among the Sunnis, abbots (*baba*, sing.; *baballar*, plur.) among the Bektashis—were respected as men of God, and Bektashi abbots

[1] See *Folklore*, Vol. XXXVII, p. 195 (June 1926).

10:Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EGl Albania EGl

695 even became saints at their death, but an oath 'by the priest' or
698 'by that hoxha' was never taken; it would have been regarded as
793 sacrilege.

695 A most interesting oath was taken by both the Orthodox and the
792 Moslems of Berat town and district. Its commonest forms were
[776] 'By Him of Tomorr' and 'By the Holy One of Tomorr'. The deity that dwelt in pagan days on the summit of Tomorr, the lofty, beautiful mountain that dominates the town of Berat, is still a living force in the district. He was, indeed, so dreaded that even in conversation he could not be named, but only darkly alluded to. 'By that mountain top' is no less solemn an oath than the more definite pair already given. No man had been known to swear any of them falsely.

[821] By what was perhaps a survival of early nature worship, oath-takers sometimes invoked natural objects as in the oaths, 'By this bright light which is dawning', 'By this evening which is coming', 'By this night we have to-night'. These were all given by Catholics in Perlat. The first two were used for oaths taken in the morning and the third for those taken in the evening. Moslems in Godolesh and Labinot sometimes swore 'By this sun' and 'By this earth'. The latter was a very solemn oath, earth being weighty for two reasons: man was made of it and it lies heavy on a dead man who committed sins such as perjury during his lifetime. Apparently oaths were not taken 'by this fire' or 'by this moon'; perhaps both fire and moon lack the inevitability and stability that fitted dawn and darkness, the sun and the earth, for worship by primitive Albanians.

695 Among oaths by sacred buildings were such as 'By this church'
782 among Catholics and 'By this mosque' among Moslems. They were
778 chiefly employed conversationally, and meant little more than our own expression 'on my honour'. Indeed, a man of Lurë used them indifferently, irrespective of whether he or his hearer were Catholic or Moslem. But when a Moslem of Martanesh swore 'by this holy place' as he stood in Balim Sulltan's mausoleum, his oath was very solemn. So, too, were the oaths in Bulqizë 'by that shrine', the domed tomb of Sheikh Fejza; in Tirana by the grave of Sulejman Pasha, the seventeenth-century founder of the town; in Krujë by the tombs of two Bektashi abbots; in Nangë, Lumë, by the tomb of the Khalveti saint, Sheikh Hasan; and in Surroj, by the grave of Sheikh Hasan's brother, Sheikh Ibrahim. In the last case the formula was rather unusual; standing in the mausoleum (*teqe*) the

10:Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EGl Albania EGl

had killed her out of ill-will. After her brother had killed a male from his house, the husband would kill both her brother and her lover; then peace would be made between all three families. In Martanesh and Lumë if the husband did not kill the lover as well, the wife's brother, when threatening vengeance, would say, 'You killed the bitch; why didn't you kill the dog also?'

Sometimes a husband had not the courage or the heart to kill his wife; then perhaps his people killed her. Or perhaps he sent word to her father that he had found her sinning and asked him to kill her. But the father generally replied to such husbands, 'Kill her yourself, because I gave her to you to look after'. If the wife suspected this interchange of messages, she might run away to her father. In that case her husband sent him word saying, 'Either kill that bitch or see me destroy you root and branch'. The father then either killed her or sent her to her husband to kill. If the father protected the wife, a blood feud began between him and the husband, for the latter could not bear the world to think that he had swallowed such a disgrace.

In Martanesh, it should be noted, it was permissible, as it was not elsewhere, to kill the lover and the wife separately, if they could not be found together. This seems to have been the case in Dibër also. About 1916 a man in Vleshjë (Dibër) found his wife unfaithful and killed the lover. The wife ran away, but the husband caught her, poured paraffin on her, and burned her alive, yet seems to have escaped her brother's vengeance.

If the outraged husband killed only the lover, then he had to fear vengeance from the lover's family. In Lumë on the principle that 'vengeance is not abandoned because of guilt', vengeance was sometimes taken by a 'bad' brother for a man killed in adultery. He might kill the husband, forgive him, or demand blood money.

A gruesome story of collective punishment of a guilty pair comes from Martanesh. About 1912 a young man was caught with a young wife. The 'circle' of the young man took him and the 'circle' of the wife took her out to an appointed spot where they stood them up together. The youth's uncle shot him dead, and the girl's brother shot her, while the drums beat and the other men danced. The honour of the two families being thus cleared, they buried the two close together, but in separate graves, at cross-roads; no hoxha was present to commit them to the grave, nor were they washed and changed. In the neighbouring Zdrâjshë also a guilty

10: Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EGl Albania EGl

to be pardoned; he said it was 'disgraceful', and the plea was allowed.

The Highlanders had still another method. They called a 'St John' an infant which had not yet been sent to have its hair cut by its godfather, it being believed that St John the Baptist was Christ's godfather. When the time for peace-making seemed due, the friends brought pressure to bear to secure forgiveness. This promised, they arranged to take the murderer on a certain day to his enemy's house, his hands again tied behind his back, and take a 'St John' in its cradle with them. Presumably they did not bring the murderer into view; at most they kept him in the background. One of the visitors turned the cradle with the infant, who was, as always, well strapped in, upside down, saying to the host, 'Put it straight; Turn it right side up!' If he were willing, and few were not, for leaving the infant upside down might kill it and leave him with innocent blood on his hands, he turned the cradle right side up, saying, 'All right, I pardon him for the sake of God and the Saint'. Then he went and without another word untied the murderer's hands. Next he said, 'A pardon for my murder; a pardon for my father's (or brother's) murder; be it forgiven', and turned to embrace the murderer. Coffee was then served and drunk by all amid general conversation—the Highlanders are unusually lively. Having fixed a day when they would all go to eat a meal with meat at the murderer's house they took their leave. This meal at the murderer's concluded the proceedings; afterwards all went about their business; no cross was made on the enemy's door as in Kurbin.

Friends were not the only interveners. Occasionally the Turkish government took a hand, declaring on penalty of imprisonment, internment and burning out that all feuds more than seven years old were to be compounded by a money payment and not reopened. When during the 1914–18 war Austria-Hungary was in occupation of all north Albania, she also ordered blood feuds to be ended with a money payment; the resentment of Çermenikë at this attempt to force them to make peace on northern terms is still hot. Sometimes a whole community itself interfered. The procedure of west Mat was typical. When a man had been killed on either side and the feud was 'one for one', the neighbours took effective steps to prevent its continuance. They each forbade the avenger to come on his land to kill his enemy; if he did so, he would be considered a trespasser

. 2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910)1928 EG1 Albania EG1
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A 754 of the blood on a silver coin, wrap it up, and wear it as an amulet. It will protect you from all blood-sucking shtrigas.

A [163 761] Shtrigas especially like the blood of children. Child mortality in all Balkan lands is exceedingly high. It is not unusual to find women who have borne from eight to twelve children, of whom none, or but one or two, survive. Nor could I ever make them believe that it was the way in which the babes were kept that was the real cause. So

A [751] terrified are the mothers that the Evil Eye may fall on the child that they guard it by keeping its heavy wooden cradle wrapped in a thick

A [853 777] woollen coverlet. No Evil Eye, and no ray of light or breath of fresh air, can penetrate. When suckling, the mother takes the cradle on her knees or kneels over it, and raises just enough of the rug to enable her to give the breast; both cradle and child are hung with amulets. The

M 754 853 same method, too, is popular in Montenegro and Bosnia. I have seen luckless infants as white as bleached celery, slowly pining away; but the poor mother believed the pining due to a shtriga, who had put a curse on her breast and poisoned her milk, or had looked at the

A 755 child with an Evil Eye. Only the very strong survive. Marko used to prescribe washing the child with a decoction of walnut leaves. Neither he nor anyone else would believe me when I begged for fresh air and sunlight.

A 754 755 Only she who has caused the evil can undo it. My old friend, Tony Precha, who was a mine of old-world lore, told me how a shtriga was forced to do this: "The child of our neighbour was slowly pining away. It was the work of a shtriga. One day it died. I saw it cold and dead. The father, in a fury, shouted that he knew who had killed it. He

A [681] rushed out and caught a woman and dragged her in. She screamed and denied that she had done it. He dragged her to the dead child, crying, 'Spit in its mouth!' She refused, and struggled and screamed. If she did not spit before the sun went down it would be too late. She knew this, and that was why she would not spit, for it was already late. Then the father, in despair, put his pistol to her head and shouted, 'Spit or I fire!' She spat. The father threw her out of the door. Then we watched the child. Very slowly it began to revive, and in three hours it was quite well. The father had saved it by acting at once." And Tony saw this with his own eyes.

How apt are most of us to believe that *post hoc* is *propter hoc*.

A 754 776 777 In Albania evil spirits are most active in the spring. Garlic is tied round children's necks on or about Shrove Tuesday as a special precaution. In Shala, and, I believe, other tribes, the women tie a black cord with three knots in it to the doorposts along with a pair of scissors, the wool-carding comb, and some berries (species unknown). This is not merely to protect the house, but to prevent shtrigas and bad spirits

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prevents stumbling. A man I knew galloped for his life across the long, narrow, and slippery bridge at Djakova while some six others were firing at him. Usually one would have led the horse across. But horse and rider escaped unscathed. The former wore a fine pair of boar's tusks and the latter a piece of a meteorite, a good protection against bullets. One Albanian I knew wore a piece of meteorite continually in London and was never once shot at.

A small brass imitation of the boar's tusk amulet formed part of the headstall of the Turkish gendarmerie horse-trappings. I possess a charming little crescent formed of a pair of falcon's talons which I bought of a Maltsori woman who said it was a great "ilatch" (remedy).

As a single horn, a wolf's fang, a cock's spur, a crab's claw are all good. Of a Vlah at Prishtina I bought a dried mole's paw set in silver, especially recommended to keep a child in health. It is a miniature "Fatima Hand."

Another highly valued object in Albania was a "stone snail" (ammonite). Baron Nopcsa, when geologizing, tried to remove a big ammonite, conspicuous on a wayside rock in the mountains. The quarrying of it out was too difficult and he left it; but the stone snail was chipped in the attempt. Marko, who had great faith in stone snails, lamented this much. It was discussed in the mountains and folk agreed it was lucky it was no worse. God alone knew what might have happened had the stone snail been removed.

The cowrie is a potent defence, but is rare in North Albania, so not more than one or two per person are worn, usually round the neck or sewn to the cap—except by the women of Vraka, who always wear two, one on each side of the face, sewn to the hair-plait. The cowrie is worn by women and children, but not, so far as I have seen, by men.

Though the natural cowrie is scarce, cowrie-land being afar, a large number, if not all, of the silver circular pendants, common all through the west side of the Balkan peninsula, are clearly derived from the cowrie, as Fig. 19 shows. In the older examples the cowrie type is evident. Two wriggly lines imitate the lip of the shell and a round hole the end aperture. In modern specimens sometimes this hole is all that is left; the cowrie is forgotten. In some the shape of the cowrie is preserved, and filigree replaces the wriggly line of the shell lip. In others the circle evolves into a crescent, as the plate shows. It seems possible that the pear-shaped pendant, so common on Near-Eastern, African, and Asiatic ornaments, is, in fact, derived from the cowrie (e.g. Fig. 19, No. 4*a*).

The cock is very powerful against evil spirits, who "vanish at the crowing." A cock appears on each side of the ornamental head-band worn until recently by the Herzegovinian women round their caps.

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777 754 and catch it there, thus literally "saving your face," as did the women of Konjitza in Bosnia.

A 753 754 777 Illness being very largely ascribed to Evil Eye or magic, amulets in Albania are usually called "derman" or "ilatch," both of which words also mean remedy.

A 755 *Sympathetic Magic.*—In this the disease is supposed to act in accord with some object or other and disappears as it does.

A cure for jaundice was thus performed by a Moslem wise man on the child of a Scutari Christian. He tied some red wool round the child and some yellow wool round a red rose in the garden. He ordered the red to go out of the rose into the child, and the yellow to go out of the child into the rose. In a few days the rose wilted and yellowed and the child recovered its rosy cheeks. The efficacy of the cure was undoubted.

Marko had another he thought better, because it could be carried out at any time of year. You put a small fish in a bucket of water. The patient had to stare at it as it swam round and round. If he stared at it long and steadily enough, the disease went out of the patient into the fish, which died.

A [722 164] In 1912–13, owing to the Albanian Revolution and the Balkan wars, large numbers of the mountain tribesmen who pasture their beasts on the Bojana plains in winter were unable to return to the mountains, and were blocked in the malaria swamps all the summer, with terrible consequences. Almost all were struck down with a virulent form of the disease. I went through the worst districts with a load of quinine, and found the people trying to cure their greatly enlarged spleens by slowly roasting the spleen of a sheep at a fire, and muttering spells which ordered their own spleens to diminish as that of the sheep shrivelled at the fire.

A 164 776 753 A [755] Epilepsy was not uncommon in the mountains. It was looked upon as a possession by evil spirits. I once saw a woman fall down suddenly in a fit. Some men at once rushed up and, telling me to get out of the way, fired their revolvers alongside of her head. This was to scare away the evil spirit. As she soon recovered, they believed they had done so. I once saved a woman under similar circumstances from being flogged. Luckily she recovered quickly. But it is not so very long ago that lunatics were flogged in England.

A 777 755 Marko knew of a certain cure for epilepsy, but difficult to obtain. If you see a snake swallowing a frog, you must throw a black handkerchief over it. This scares the snake and it disgorges the frog. Keep the handkerchief, and when someone falls in a fit, throw it over him. He will then disgorge the disease as the snake did the frog. We kept a careful look-out, on our travels, for a snake eating a frog, but we never found one.

Magic, Medicine, Soothsaying

Disease as a rule is attributed to evil spirits. I met with one notable exception. It was at the Serb monastery of Dechani. The dead body of a man had, some years previously, been found on a lonely track in the neighbourhood; there was no wound of any kind upon him. His death was a complete mystery, till a search showed that he had secreted on his person some small objects of value, stolen from the church. It was then clear to all that he had been struck dead by the Holy Mother of God. It is of interest to note that in an early Montenegrin ballad (Vuk Karadjitch, vol. i) the Holy Virgin figures as "Fiery Maria"; she is the sender of lightning and St. Elijah is the thunderer. Together with some other saints they scatter death over the land to cure the people of impious ways. Here, no doubt, we have pagan gods masquerading in Christian garb.

Sympathetic Magic in Montenegro.—In the Tzrmnitza valley I was told of a cure for hernia, performed by "wise women." The operator expected a fee of about twopence and the gift of a cheese or some eggs. She must know the exact name and bratstvo of the patient, but his presence was not necessary. She put some freshly drawn water in a long-necked jug ("ibrik") and set it to boil on the fire, saying: "Water, I call on you three times from heaven to earth—let the bowel of Mr. X return to its place." She crossed the water three times. When it boiled she poured it quickly into a shallow metal dish, repeating the above words, and turned the ibrik mouth downwards into the water. As the ibrik cooled a certain amount of the water would rise up into its neck. The more the luckier—for in such way should the bowel of Mr. X return to its place. The charm is repeated daily till relief is experienced. A fresh fee is exacted each time. I was told that five or six women in Gluhidol practised this art, and that Montenegrins afflicted abroad would write home to have the charm performed.

In Montenegro and in Albania an infallible cure for a scorpion-bite was oil in which scorpions had been soaked in the sun. Marko always had a bottle full of them in the window.

Near Njegushi, Krsto showed me a perforated rock through which children had been passed to cure them of disease. This had been done especially at the time of the cholera epidemic in 1860. Old Mitar, Krsto's brother, remembered this well, and said that they had also tried placing people in the middle of a field and ploughing round them to isolate them from the disease, but, he added sadly, it had not done much good.

In the Tzrmnitza valley I learnt that a similar protection against cattle plague had been practised till recently. On news coming that cattle plague was in the neighbourhood, all were ordered to gather their beasts in a field. Two pairs of oxen were selected which must be

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A 777 772 [776] was told there is a magic cave which contains an ancient city. No living being is in it, but the bazaar is full of every fine fruit, flesh, and garment. Few have reached it, for it is guarded by the "ore." One man wandered in, and was untouched till he tried to pick up something in the bazaar. Fiery serpents darted at him, his torch went out, and with great difficulty he reached the entrance, where he was found unconscious. Poisonous gases are, no doubt, the explanation. No one would undertake to guide me to the place.

3. Witches and Magic in Montenegro

M 754 Witches in Montenegro and all Serb-speaking lands are called "vjeshtitza." I was assured that they used to exist but did not now; but in fact they were still believed in. Here as in Albania it was believed that a witch could enter a house in the form of an insect and suck blood. Iké always hastened to kill a moth which entered the hut, and remarked that they did no good; and I have heard "Perhaps it is a vjeshtitza" murmured. Witches could sail upon water in the shell of an egg eaten on the 1st of March. Iké always smashed all egg-shells at once, saying it was best to do so, but gave no reason. Many people in England habitually smash their egg-shells—a custom probably handed down from days when a similar belief existed.

M [681] Witches, I was told, were stoned to death in old days if they were known to have killed anyone. As in many other lands, the test for a witch was to bind her and throw her into water. If she floated, she was a witch. This had happened, I was told, within the recollection of still-living persons. Medakovitch, writing of the eighteen-fifties, says that a blood-feud was caused by a fight, in which four men were killed, which arose over an attempt to duck a woman of the Raitchevitches.

M [393 843] While I was in Montenegro it was still the duty of the bride's brothers to guard her till the svatovi fetched her, lest some evil person should tie a knot in the fringes of her "strukka" (straight shawl, worn like a plaid)—for, if so, she would miscarry or bear a deformed child. Many knots would make delivery impossible.

M 791 I never heard a witch openly referred to, but there was talk of mysterious women "who knew many things." These supplied drugs and charms to ease labour and cause the childless to bear.

M 789 But I did not learn how these spells were made. In Serbia are still rites carried out which necessitate that the witch shall stand stark-naked under a tree at night. This suggests the holy trees and groves of old Slavonic beliefs.

M 278 789 A favourite medium for making magic ointment, I was told, is wax

2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910)1928 EG1 Albania EG1
Historical Yugoslavia EF2
Montenegrins EF5

they warned both Serbs and Montenegrins of the approach of the Turks, and saved Serb heroes by covering them with mist and hiding them from the foe.

Some examples from the ballads show the character of vilas in "pre-artillery" days (Karadjitch Collection, vol. ii, No. 37). Marko Kralyevitch and Voyvoda Milosh ride over the mountains. Marko asks Milosh to sing to him. Milosh replies that last night he drank wine with the Vila Ravijojla and she forbade him to sing. Urged by Marko, Milosh sang. The vila tried to out-sing him, but Milosh had the finer voice, so the infuriated vila shot him in the throat with an arrow and he was like to die. Marko pursued her furiously on his horse, Sharatz. The vila flew up into the air. Marko hurled his war-club and brought her down, and threatened to smash her if she would not cure Milosh.

The vila then called on him for sisterhood in the name of God and St. John, and promised to cure Milosh if he released her. He did so; she gathered herbs and made Milosh far stronger than before. The ballad ends by her advising the other vilas not to shoot at heroes when Marko is about. On several occasions afterwards she helps her "pobratim," Marko. The mediæval ballad-maker has depicted a wine-swilling, revengeful, and murderous fairy who suits her savage environment.

Jealousy and cruelty are seen in the *Death of the two Dragitchitches* (*op. cit.*, vol. i). Dragitch is about to celebrate a great festival. He is giving his daughter in marriage and marrying his two sons. His wife dreams that two ravens, with their wings bloody to the root, bring a black letter in their claws. She prays her husband to be satisfied with marrying their daughter and to put off the sons' wedding for a week. He refuses, and the train of groomsmen and the two bridegrooms ride off on fine horses. But the vilas watch them unseen and from behind the trees shoot their arrows. At midday a halt is called, and then only are the two young men missed. The father remembers the dream, and goes in search of them in fear: "By the side of the path he found his two sons. The accursed vilas had shot them. Dragitch cried out as doth a fierce serpent . . . then he drew his bright sword and cut off his sons' heads and put them in his saddle-bags. And he moved their bodies from the blood-stained path and covered them with leaves, saying: 'Farewell, my two sons, this day have I wedded ye.' " He carries home the heads, and tells his wife that he has brought her two golden apples as a gift. And the cursed vilas thank God (an odd thing for them to do) for the woe they have caused.

The phrase "beautiful as a vila" is in constant use in Montenegro, and in recent ballads the vila still warns Montenegro against invasion.

I once rode up-country on a handsome white stallion, which belonged

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to my faithful Albanian horseboy, Shan, who had lived all his life in Montenegro. The horse was turned out to graze at night. Next morning, before mounting, I began to comb out its tangled mane with my fingers. Shan anxiously begged me not to. The vilas, he said, had been making love to it all night because it was a beauty. It had been covered with sweat. If I untied the knots the vilas had made we should have an accident. Shan, being an Albanian, probably meant the "ore" when he said "vila." I heard of no other case of a vila acting thus. But the ore are notorious for such conduct.

A M 777 773 887 *Hidden Treasure.*—As in Albania, so all through Montenegro and the Herzegovina, and probably in other Balkan lands, it is believed that mighty treasures lie hidden. The treasure of the Royal Nemanjas has yet to be found, and that of Voyvoda Momchilo at Pirlitor.

Opinions differ as to the best means of treasure-hunting. The most certain thing is when the site of the treasure is revealed in a dream; you are then sure to find it. If a steer that is perfectly black stands still on a spot, bellows, and butts his horns into the ground, there is almost surely treasure beneath. But there must not be a single white hair on the steer. If when the third cock crows in the morning a number are seen gathered together holding council, there is surely treasure beneath the spot.

Vuk Vrchevitch gives a good account of treasure-seeking in the Herzegovina. A certain man dreamed of hidden treasure. Early before the sun rose he went with some of his brethren in search of it, and took with him a black cock and a black wether. Arrived at the spot, he killed the wether and made a circle of blood round the site. They began to dig, and after a while reached a slab of stone. On this the black cock was sacrificed. They were now so near success that one of the brethren cried aloud: "God help us now and for ever." But God's name must not be invoked in aid of magic. When they raised the slab they found, indeed, a stone box—but the treasure had been turned to ashes.

Some poisoned water should be carried when treasure-hunting to kill the serpent which often guards it.

If a black stallion is led to the spot where treasure is suspected to lie and refuses to walk over it, it shows treasure is, or was, there. The foundation for these tales is the large number of Roman and prehistoric graves that have been opened. The ashes and fragments of iron and bronze found in them were ascribed to the fact that a wrong spell had been used and the treasure transmuted to something valueless —in the eyes of the searchers.

A 777 787 *A Magic Plant.*—In Albania I was told there grows a most valuable plant. Any stone or iron touched by a leaf of it at once falls to pieces. To persons thievishly inclined it is extremely useful. The difficulty is

2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910)1928 EG1 Albania EG1
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forth. Seventy to eighty years was nearer their age than a hundred; and many who looked sixty were younger. H 164 165

Women are early worn out. Especially in Montenegro, there is a very great difference in height between men and women. Women I found usually shorter than I am (5 ft. 3 ins.); whereas men well over six foot are not uncommon. The Montenegrins seemed proud of this difference, and when I said that of course, if a girl was married at fifteen and had four children before she was twenty she never grew to her full height, they were very angry indeed. M 142 165 583

Lunacy and Mental Diseases.—Lunacy is very generally believed to be possession by evil spirits, if the lunatic is a violent and dangerous one. Exorcisms are much used both by the Catholic and Orthodox priests. In Orthodox monasteries lunatics are often treated with great cruelty, and beaten and otherwise maltreated in order to drive out the spirits. I once saw an unfortunate man, almost naked, chained like a dog to a sort of kennel in the yard of a monastery. He was very quiet and half-dazed. The monks admitted that they beat him whenever he resisted or tried to escape. H A 164 753 776

The women of the Balkans, completely exhausted as they only too often are by severe toil and perpetual child-bearing and lactation, often suffer from neurasthenia and "hysteria." A curious form is not uncommon among the women of Macedonia and Montenegro. I am told it occurs also in Russia. It begins as a hiccough, and becomes more and more intense until it is a violent and fast-recurring spasm of the diaphragm. The hiccoughs become louder and louder till they are an uninterrupted crowing like that of a hoarse rooster. So quick are they that the patient cannot breathe. Just as she appears to be in danger of choking, she suddenly pulls herself together, draws a long breath, gives a gasp or two, and recovers in a few minutes. At intervals the attacks may go on all day; nor, when the habit is acquired, is it easy to cure. To a certain extent it is under the patient's control; but not entirely. When I did relief work among the Bulgar peasants in Macedonia after the revolt in 1903, I met a case which had been reported as "a Turkish atrocity" by relief workers unacquainted with the complaint. I visited the village where she was. She was quite quiet. So soon as she heard I was an English relief agent she began to "crow" loudly and had one spasm after another. By way of a test I said: "Tell her if she makes that noise I will do nothing for her." And after some gasping she recovered and made no more noise while I was there. But she was not cured. H A 164 562

The Balkan remedy is one of suggestion. On a saint's day the patient is taken to the Orthodox church. On St. Petar's Day, at Moratchka H 755

male jealousy is quite insufficient; for, in fact, the veiled Moslem woman can "carry on" incognito with far more ease than can her unveiled and recognizable Christian sister. Nor, at any rate, in the lands we are considering, is the Christian husband a whit less jealous than the Moslem. All Christian Scutari was once in a hubbub over the scandalous and shocking conduct of the Austrian doctor and Italian Consul-General. These two gentlemen had publicly exchanged wives on the Consular lawn-tennis court, and these shameless women had each played against her own husband.

I was seriously consulted and failed to convince the disgusted Scutarenes that the proceeding was harmless. How could you tell where it would end?

When I first went to Scutari, in 1901, all the Catholic married women wore a long lace veil pinned across the lower part of the face and draped over the head. Unmarried Catholic girls still, I believe, shroud their heads entirely in a thick cotton wrapper, leaving only a peep-hole.

Most of the Orthodox peasants of Macedonia, both Bulgar and Greek, wore a large handkerchief folded into a triangle over their heads and arranged the two long corners across the mouth and tucked them in securely on either side. The mouth was very often thus covered, too, by Montenegrin maidens; and by Christian women in Bosnia.

Sir James George Frazer states, giving many examples, that the covering of the mouth is connected with the belief that the soul may escape by it or evil spirits enter by it, and that complete veiling is probably a protection also from the Evil Eye.

That the mouth is the important spot is shown by the Moslem girls of Bosnia, who, when caught unveiled at a well, or on the hill-side with their flocks, will sometimes seize a handkerchief hastily between their teeth and then seem to think themselves sufficiently protected.

Now evil eyes and bad spirits swarm in the Balkans; and the soul always escapes by the nose or mouth. "My soul was in my nose all the time!" cries the Montenegrin when telling of an escape from danger.

"That brought your soul into your nose!" said the horse-boy when my horse nearly came down with me. The tying of a handkerchief over the holes through which it might escape is a very reasonable precaution.

Women who do not protect themselves with a veil, deck themselves and their children with a mass of beads and dingle-dangles. These things are to act as it were as lightning-conductors to attract the glance of the Evil Eye and save their persons from it. The veiled and hooded woman wears no ornament outside her outdoor garment.

The bride, both Catholic and Moslem, is veiled from head to foot.

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the body was laid in it, in order to prevent any devil lurking there to seize the dead.

I remember waiting by the tiny grave dug for a child at Thethi Shala in the graveyard. Someone tripped over the long protruding handle of the shovel and dislodged it. The old gravedigger dashed forward and replaced it at once, and drew it out only as the little corpse was lowered. The Franciscan, an Albanian, who stood by the graveside, acquiesced. "It is the custom," he said when questioned. Possibly, like the rest of us, he could not keep demons at bay unaided.

Iron keeps off all spirits, good and bad, it appears; for no knife must touch the fowl's breast-bone or sheep's blade-bone in which the Albanian and Montenegrin soothsayers read the future. No one can tell you why; but everyone knows it would be the height of folly to try to read a bone that has been cleaned with a knife—it would not tell the truth.

Colonel Aubrey Herbert, that friend of the Turks and Albanians, whose untimely death has left an unfillable gap, gave me a curious instance of the belief in the magic of iron. During the Balkan war of 1913 the Turkish general, Djavid Pasha, retreated with what was left of his army into South Albania, where "he occupied the house of a friend of mine. The tide of war was running fiercely against the Turks and the general wanted to consult the spirits. The family carpenter was ordered to make a three-legged table without any nails in it—'for the spirits hate metal,' said Djavid. The young Turks invoked the spirit of Nazim Pasha, who had been shot by Enver and his friends. . . . When no answer came, the absent ghost of Nazim was cursed for refusing to give information."

Even the absence of iron could not induce the spirit of the murdered man to advise his murderers.

6. Hair. Some Beliefs and Customs connected with it

In many lands much mystery surrounds hair, that strange substance that grows continually from youth to age; which is part of the person, but can be cut off without pain and is, therefore, the most convenient substitute or symbol for the whole person.

By means of hair spells can be wrought even in an electric-lighted European capital. Draga Mashin, the mistress of the luckless young King Alexander Obrenovitch, forced him to marry her and make her queen by clipping some of her hair in little bits and mixing it with appropriate spells in his food. Having thus eaten a portion of her, he was hopelessly in her power. At least, so we were assured by one of

2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910)1928 EG1 Albania EG1
Historical Yugoslavia EF2

H 538 554 302 And so they follow on, each matching his horse to his immense moustache. As Krsto used to say with a sigh, "One does not see such sights nowadays."

H 764 It is noteworthy that the warriors carved on the mediæval gravestones of Bosnia show no hair either on face or head. The work is very rude and shows no features either (Fig. 22).

A 302 In Albania, too, the moustache is very precious. My old friend Marko cherished a fine one. When he was young he declared he could easily tie its ends behind his head—the true test, he said, for a moustache.

A 776 554 In the fairy tales he used to tell, the villain was a "Chosé," a hairless man. They were always abominably wicked, he said.

The British Navy lost its prestige when clean-shaven officers appeared in Scutari in 1913.

A 302 293 554 When Marko was young and his moustache in its prime, he was kavass to the Turkish Embassy in Vienna, wore a gold-embroidered Albanian dress, and cut such a gallant figure that no less a person than one of the Rothschilds noticed him. The wealthy Jew asked the poor Albanian to quit Turkish service and be doorkeeper at the Rothschild palace. The salary offered was beyond Marko's wildest imagination. "I thought I should be a rich man," said he, "but the dog—yes, he was a dog—he told me his servants were clean-shaven and I must cut off my moustache. My moustache that I could tie behind my head! I said that not for all the gold of the Rothschilds would I cut it off." So Marko was never rich, and was never tired of telling of the insult.

So great is the respect for the moustache that the Catholic Church humours her Albanian flock, and bishops, abbots, and secular priests all wear the finest moustaches they can grow.

A [793] "If an Italian or Austrian comes here as a missionary," said a young Albanian Franciscan to me, roaring with laughter, "we shut him up till he's grown a decent moustache. It would be useless to send him to a mountain parish without one; they would hunt him out."

A 302 A great variety of head-shaves is found among both men and women of the Albanian mountains. The Catholic married women of Maltsia e Madhe shave the forehead and temples, and dye the hair black on marriage, and make their face look very large. A similar fashion is to be seen in many early Italian portraits of ladies. The Mirdite women and some of the allied groups wear a fringe over the forehead and do not dye the hair. The men of Maltsia e Madhe shave a great part of the head, and leave either one great lump on the top or two big side tufts; or they shave the back and leave the front. The temples are

A 292 usually shaved, even by Scutarenes, who wear European dress.

set its internal stability. The very act of vengeance is a ritual, as is the constant repetition of the need for vengeance. The rites of blood brotherhood and godfatherhood are rituals performed by Catholic and Moslem alike.

Both Catholics and Moslems believe in a host of malevolent spirits which pay the mountains a seasonal visit in the springtime, and which can sometimes be kept at bay by the use of amulets. These evil spirits are of course the symbols of the general hunger, illness, and irritability which beset the mountaineers at this critical season. Catholics and Moslems alike attribute non-traumatic illnesses to spells cast by magicians, through the agency of hair and nail clippings. Wasting illnesses, such as consumption and cancer, may be attributed to vampires, sucking their victim's blood.

A vampire is said to be a human being, usually but not always a woman, who can change herself into an insect and fly into a room in which her victim is sleeping. As she fills with the blood, she has to leave now and then to spit it out. A person who finds such a gobbet of blood on the path is lucky; he can wrap it up and keep it as an amulet to protect him against vampires—and incidentally probably expose himself and his family to tuberculosis.

When people are hungry and ill, it is easy to suspect others of evil magic. The person named as a witch or vampire will of course be someone whose actions are eccentric or mysterious, who is a cause of disturbance in the community, and whose loss will not be greatly felt. If a child is suffering from malnutrition its parents may accuse some old woman, and drag her from her house. They will accuse her of having sucked blood from the child, and force her to spit in the child's mouth. Under protest she may spit merely in order to get away. If the child recovers, then the parents are sure she is a vampire; if the child dies she was innocent for her spittle did not cure it. People do not like being accused of witchcraft, or of having their aged grandmothers hauled off for trial; such actions, like the very suspicion itself, may result in bloodshed.

The Ghegs are great oath-swearers. Between blood feuds rivals will swear to keep the peace, on a stone in the presence of the